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## ZION'S HERALD.

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## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATION.

### FOR ZION'S HERALD.

#### QUERY.

MR. EDITOR,—Not long since a man passed through Connecticut soliciting donations for the literary seminary at Bangor, Me. After informing the people of the object of the institution was exclusively to educate indigent young men for the ministry, he endeavored to set forth the destitute condition of many parts of our country; and, by the way, mentioned the state of Maine. "While passing through that state," said he, "I had occasion to call at a certain house, where the woman was at prayer in the family." "I thought," I, the people do not all think women ought not to pray there." "The woman prayed most earnestly, that the Lord would send them a preacher of some kind or other." At another time he was informed that a minister was much needed; that there was not a preacher within fifteen miles one way, and twenty miles the other. I did not doubt the man's veracity by any means; but a query arose in my mind, are these things so? and if so, what are Christians to do there? Where are our Methodist brethren hanging about such a degree, for the bread of life, without any one to break it to them, for one I wish to assist them, if I can, even if I do myself of some of the necessities of life. I want that should have it immediately. I was for more light on the subject. If any one can give information, I shall be glad. INQUIRER.  
Bolton, Feb. 1827.

## MISCELLANY.

### [FROM AN ANCIENT AUTHOR.]

#### EXCELLENCY OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

The kingdom of heaven excels other kingdoms, 1st, in the Founder and Maker: other kingdoms have men for their builders, but this kingdom hath God for its builder. Heaven is said to be "made without hands," to show the excellency of it; neither man or angel could ever lay stone in this building: God doth erect this kingdom; its "Builder and Maker is God."

2d, In the riches of it; gold doth not so much surpass iron, as this kingdom doth all other riches, "the gates of it are of pearl," and "the foundations of it are garnished with all precious stones." It is enough for cabinets to have pearl, but were gates of pearl ever heard of before? It is said, "Kings shall throw down their crowns and sceptres before it," as counting all their glory and riches but dust in comparison with this kingdom hath Deity itself to enrich it, and these riches are such as cannot be weighed in the balance; neither the heart can conceive, nor the tongue of angel express.

3d, In the perfection of it; other kingdoms are defective; they have not all provisions within themselves, nor have they all commodities of their own growth; but are forced to traffic abroad, to supply their wants at home. King Solomon did send to Ophir for gold; but there is no defect in the kingdom of heaven, here are all delights and rarities to be had. "He that overcometh shall inherit all things." Here is beauty, wisdom, glory, and magnificence; here is the tree of life in the midst of this paradise; all things are to be found here but sin and sorrow, the absence whereof adds to the fulness of this kingdom.

4th, In its security; other kingdoms fear either foreign or intestine divisions. Solomon's kingdom was peaceful awhile, but at last he had an alarm given him by the enemy. But the kingdom of heaven is so impregnable, that it fears no hostile assaults or intrusions. The devils are said to be bound in chains. The saints shall no more need fear them, than a man fears that their robbing, who is hanged up in chains. The gates of this celestial kingdom "are not shut at all by day." We shut the gates of the city in a time of danger; but the gates of this kingdom always stand open, to show that there is no fear of the approach of an enemy. The kingdom hath gates for the magnificence of it; but the gates are not shut, because of the security of it.

5th, In its stability; other kingdoms have vanity written upon them, they cease, and are changed; though they may have a head of gold, yet feet of clay. "I will cause the kingdom to cease." Kingdoms have their climacterical year. Where is the glory of Athens? the pomp of Troy? What has become of the Assyrian, Grecian, Persian monarchies? Those kingdoms are demolished and laid in dust; but the kingdom of heaven hath ETERNITY written upon it—it is an everlasting kingdom. Other kingdoms may be lasting, but not everlasting; the apostle calls it a kingdom that cannot be shaken. It is fastened upon a strong basis, the omnipotency of God; it runs parallel with eternity. "They shall reign for ever and ever."

### MAN FROM THE CRADLE TO THE GRAVE.

Extract from the Introductory Lecture of Professor Godman, of the Rutgers Medical College, N. Y.

"Man, who eventually becomes 'Lord of the Creation,' by his superiority of intellectual endowment, enters upon the field of his future greatness, the most feeble and helpless of all living beings. He is too delicate to sustain the changes of the air he is to breathe; his hands, those admirable instruments, the makers of all other instruments, are useless and unmanageable. The capacious head, the future throne of his intellect, is too heavy to be supported by his own strength; and his expressive eyes are incapable of being advantageously directed towards any object. Without the loving and unwearied assiduity of his tender mother, death would speedily silence his feeble wailings; for the flower of the field, which blossoms but for an hour, and then withers away, is not more delicate or susceptible of destruction, than is the life of the human infant.

But, clasped by maternal arms to the fountain of sustenance, which may so justly be termed sacred, from its constituting the first and most endearing link in parental and social feeling, man drinks in life and warmth; his eyes soon learn to distinguish objects, his strength is increased, his senses begin to demand his attention, and that education commences, which is to fit him for assuming his rank among rational and intellectual beings.

"The successive changes very gradually ensue.—He requires parental attention and assistance long after he has ceased to nestle in the bosom of his mother. At this period his senses are all susceptible and vigorous; his mind begins to exist; it is capable of receiving knowledge, but is not yet an active instrument.—Memory is now retentive and predominates over the other faculties. It is the season when the mind requires the most judicious direction, in order that things may be learned by their right names, and in the right places: it is the period when the dawning intellect demands the most scrupulous superintendence, that the earliest indications of peculiar bias may be directed, and encouraged or repressed, as circumstances may require." It is the time, of all others when the most sacred regard to truth should be observed by those who have intercourse with the youth, truth, not only in relation to great things, or as opposed to direct falsehood, but that truth which states no improbabilities, no fictions, no mysteries—in short, the truth of correct example, in action, word and look.

"The condition of childhood or adolescence, is the spring tide of our existence. All sensations are new, all scenes are inviting, every object is a source of gratification to curiosity. The number and rapidity of our sensations keep up a continual succession of images in the mind; and so one immediately displaces the other, that whether painful or pleasurable, they soon disappear; the hours fleet away with winged swiftness, not counted though deeply felt—not individually productive of remarkable consequences but for ever after treasured in the memory, as the times of peculiar happiness; as the days gone by—as the golden age of life, for ever fled.

"To this period succeeds that of beginning maturity, when the body acquires its full growth, and the slender and awkward boy imperceptibly changes to the vigorous and graceful man. His piping and treble voice, passing through various irregularities, assumes that sonorous strength of intonation so well befitting his condition. The cavities of his skull, previously unmarked by external prominences now expanded. His brow becomes elevated; his eyes more deeply seated in their sockets; his cheeks are broader and higher, and the passions and workings of the mind become imprinted upon his countenance. The rosy, unmanly, and frolic expressions of his visage are gone; his air is thoughtful and serious. Those who were familiar with him as a child, experience an awkward restraint in addressing him; his parents are conscious of his change, without being able to define it. His very mother, who nursed and cherished him through all his infantile troubles, learns to listen to him with respect, and look upon him with reverence. Henceforth he assumes his station as a member of the great human family, responsible for his actions solely to his country and his God.

"The approach of his sister to the same period of existence, is marked by analogous changes in external appearance, not so striking for their magnitude, as from their peculiar character. The whole expression is wonderfully altered; there is a singular addition of loveliness to features which may have previously been considered uninteresting and even repulsive. The step, the voice and gestures all declare, that 'nature's last best work,' has assumed all her charms, and is no longer to be approached, except with that homage which her loveliness and innocence never fail to inspire, especially when their natural power is augmented by that cultivation of mind which imparts vigor to intelligence, and ten fold attractions to beauty.

"We now consider our race in their maturity of summer. The faculties of the mind are advancing to their perfect state; judgment or the power of deducing conclusions and principles from observation, predominates over the memory, and the mind is capable of most intense application to any pursuit. This is the season for exertion; the time for providing future subsistence, for attending to the education of our offspring, as well as for fixing our own habits of thinking and acting. It is the season for conferring benefits on our fellow creatures by the employment of our leisure, warning that influence which is necessary to the more effectual discharge of the duties we owe to society. At this period, the body, which has ceased to grow in height acquires a greater degree of breadth and fullness. The soft and delicate texture of the solids gives place to a greater rigidity of fibre, and the strength of the limbs is in full vigor. This period endures for a variable lapse of time, modified by temperance, exercise, climate and occupation.

"Next, autumn comes, the season of the 'sere and yellow leaf.' The suppleness and nobility of the limbs diminish; the senses are less acute, and the impressions of external objects are less remarked. The fibres of the body grow more rigid; the emotions of the mind are more calm and uniform; the eye loses its lustrous keenness of expression; the skin hangs loosely; the teeth generally begin to fail, if they have not previously, and the digestion proportionally declines. The mind no longer roams abroad with its original exuberance, though it is still capable of intense and advantageous application to particular studies. The power of imagination is in a great degree lost. Sad experience has robbed external objects of their illuiveness; the thoughts come home: it is the age of reflection! The flight of time is also marked by the change of the firm tone of manhood for an occasional jarring and discordant note, and the head exhibits the venerable snows of age, or the hair falls off from the place it has so long protected and adorned. At this season we reap the full fruit of our early labors, and live over again in the persons of descendants. It is the period in which we receive the just tribute of veneration and confidence from our fellow men, if we have lived to deserve it, and are entitled to the respect and confidence of the younger part of mankind, in exact proportion to the manner in which our own youth has been spent, and our maturity improved.

"Last comes the lean and slippery pantalon.—The marks of decline and decrepitude become more perceptible. The teeth are gone—the jaws approach each other—the face is sunk—the eye quenched in rheum—the voice feeble, unequal, and whistling—the muscles wasted—the gait tottering—the sight and hearing rapidly fail—and the other senses are almost obliterated. The mind lives not in the present, the memory acts not upon things of to-day. The green hills, the jovious gambols, the pure friendships of childhood all thrill through the heart. The ancient man sits in the midst of a generation thrice removed from his own; he appears insensible to those around him—he is deaf and participates not in their joys; he beholds their sorrows with a cold, unfeeling eye. But, why does he, at times convulsively grasp his staff—and why does an unheeded tear occasionally trickle down his furrowed cheek? He is looking back—beyond the existence of the present generation—perhaps the image of her who hath slept in dust for half a century—she in whom his youthful heart was 'garnished up,' appears before his memory as once she bloomed in perichlitis the mother who watched or wept over his cradle, and enhanced the joyousness of his early life, is breathing in his ear—or the bosom friend and companion of his youthful wanderings smiles upon him, with the truth and ardor he has so long been a stranger to. Where are they? Another people has grown to maturity since their graves were first sodded. Their memory has perished, except in the aged man, whose long dried fountains of sensibility gush forth afresh as such recollections rise within his mind.

"The approach of death from slow coming decline and infirmity of nature is marked by the eventual obliteration of all the faculties of mind and body. The breathing becomes slower, and slower; the heart intermits its pulsations; the blood lingers along the veins; the extremities grow cold, and the feeble flame of life lessens until it ceases to be perceptible, except at the centre, where it faintly glimmers for a time, and then is gently extinguished without sigh or groan—without a trace of emotion or of pain."

[This is a faithful description of human life drawn by a master's hand, and alas! as melancholy as faithful. Had time and place permitted, we would have been better pleased to have seen the decreed old man thus brought to the brink of the grave, and left there a pitiable, helpless, hopeless spectacle, carried one step beyond it, and introduced to those regions of endless bliss to which every pious Christian is taught to look forward with heart-cheering and unwavering confidence.—N. Y. E. Post.

### TRAVELS IN EUROPE BY AN AMERICAN CLERGYMAN.

Two things cannot fail to lay a stranger, on his first coming into London, with amazement: the immensity of its size, and the vastness of its business. In point of size, Paris dwindles into littleness on a comparison. To pass through London, is a journey of no small extent. From a walk on the top of Men's brewery, a very high building, situated on an elevated part, I had a view over the greatest part of the city; which, in some directions, appeared to extend as far as I could see, even to the verge of the horizon. Mr. S—, a gentleman with whom I had become a little acquainted in Baltimore, when he was there some years ago, and the only individual I have met with abroad whom I have ever seen in my own country, was good enough to devote a day to rambling with me over the town.—After an early breakfast, we left his house with an understanding that it would be out of the question to think of returning to dinner; and accordingly at the distance, by his estimation, of about three miles from his house, we dined at an eating-house. The man in business in London, must submit to immense drudgery in outdoor transactions, from the distance of places, or be subject to heavy taxation in the hire of hackney-coaches. The number of these vehicles in Paris surprised me; but verily they are not to be compared to those of London for multitude.

To see the shipping, the ware-houses, the custom-house, the exchange, &c. &c. cannot fail to excite an amazing idea of the amount of business transacted in this city. The leading idea impressed on my mind, relative to Paris, is, that it is a place of pleasure; but London is emphatically a place of business. Nothing, however, produced in my mind so much astonishment, as the vast scale on which business is transacted here, as at the Bank of England. A mercantile friend conducted me through it. The space of ground which the building occupies, the number and size of the rooms, but, above all, the multitude of clerks and persons in its employ—estimated at about two thousand—sink every thing of the kind which I have seen elsewhere, into insignificance. The large room, connected with the building, is appropriated to stockjobbing transactions. And here a scene presented itself, on which I looked with as much astonishment as on any thing I have seen in London. It was crowded with people on their feet, seeming to be in incessant motion, and every one vociferating as loud as he was able. The hubbub was most astounding, and a perfect Babel of confusion. Persons without business were not allowed to go farther than the door. Here I looked on, perfectly incapable of discovering what the wild uproar could mean. The explanation given by my friend was to this amount. That there were so many calling on the names of persons they wished to find in the house, or the kind of stock in which they wished to traffic, &c. that those in conversation were compelled to speak in the loudest tones, in order to hear each other.—Chr. Advocate.

Rev. Edward Irving on the Prophecies. Mr. Irving supposes the 1260 years ought to be reckoned from A. D. 533, at which time the Justinian Code, which greatly enlarged and strengthened the Papal power, was promulgated. The period would then terminate in 1793, the era of the French revolution. The "two witnesses," the Old and New Testaments, were slain when infidelity was established in France, 1793; and their "resurrection" took place in 1797, in which year religious worship was restored in that country, the missionaries were sent to Otaheite, and the Serampore translations were commenced. In 1823, the "1290 days," mentioned in Daniel 12: 11, closed. The "scarlet-colored beast," is the spirit of infidelity, personified in Napoleon, and destined yet to re-appear, and to fall in the battle of Armageddon, in the Holy Land. Daniel's "2300 days," will terminate in 1847, in which year, he says, "true worship" will be restored in Jerusalem. The "1335 days," will be restored in Jerusalem. The world is now on the eve of the most terrible convulsions, in which England will have her full share.—Such is the outline of Mr. Irving's theory. He specifies many events that are soon to happen, and on the correctness of these predictions, stakes his credit, as an interpreter of Prophecies.—Vt. Chronicle.

THE PENITENT GALLEY-SLAVE. "I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against Him, until He plead my cause, and execute judgment for me: He will bring me forth to the light, and I shall behold His righteousnesses." A German prince travelling through France, visited the arsenal at Toulon, where the galleys are kept. The commandant, as a compliment to his rank, said he was welcome to set any one galley-slave at liberty whom he should choose to select. The prince, willing to make the best use of this privilege, spoke to many of them in succession, inquiring why they were condemned to the galleys. Injustice, oppression, false accusation, were the only causes they could assign;—they were all innocent and ill-treated. At last he came to one, who, when he asked the question, answered to this effect: "My lord, I have no reason to complain. I have been a very wicked, desperate wretch: I have often deserved to be broken alive on the wheel. I account it a great mercy that I am here." The prince fixed his eyes upon him, gave him a gentle blow upon

his head, and said, "You wicked wretch, it is a pity you should be placed among so many honest men.—By your own confession, you are bad enough to corrupt them all; but you shall not stay with them another day." Then turning to the officer, he said, "This is the man, Sir, whom I wish to be released." Was not this a wise decision? Must not all, who hear this account, allow, that the man who was sensible of his guilt, and so submissive to his punishment, was, in all probability, the most deserving of pardon, and the most likely not to abuse it?

### WANT OF BIBLES IN GREECE.

Rev. James King, late a missionary in Palestine, in a letter to Mr. Evans, says, "A remark was made to me, a few months since, by a very respectable gentleman, which struck me very much. 'What,' said he, 'is the object of your Bible Society? Is it not to distribute the word of God among Mussulmans and Pagans, to bring them to the knowledge of the truth and to embrace Christianity? How few are you able to distribute among Mussulmans. But here you see fifty or a hundred thousand Greeks, women and children, in captivity, to be taught the Koran, to be trained up as Mussulmans; who are ready to receive the sacred scriptures; who already believe in Christ; who now stand to return to the religion of the gospel; and you stand and look on, and no one appears to redeem them. It is the duty of the friends and patrons of Bible Societies, to pour out their treasures for the redemption of those captives, if they wish to do good.'"

The gift of a Bible followed by the Conversion of a whole Family.—"Already do we hear," say the Committee of the St. Lawrence County Bible Society, in their last annual report, "that in one family with whom a Bible was deposited, and where previous to the last year this blessed book was not to be found, the reading of its pages has been blessed by God, and every member of the family has found pardon and peace through a crucified Redeemer."

Some fifty years ago, more or less, a man daily took his station in a well frequented street in London, and spent his time in distinctly repeating the words of the four Evangelists, having always an audience, stopping awhile, attracted by such a novelty, some of whom might be comforted in their last moments by the powerful words they heard from his mouth.

He was a poor blind man, who had perfectly committed the four Evangelists to memory, if not more of the New Testament. He asked money of no man. A boy or some one who enjoyed the sense he lacked, must have attended him, to lead him to and from his humble rostrum, and to take charge of the little offerings of halfpence, &c. occasionally thrown into his hat by passers. He was doubtless the best preacher in London, uttering perfect and saving truth only, and a happy man too, if the eyes of his understanding were opened to the blessed word he uttered. Might it not be said (to adopt a phrase now little used, or if used, perverted) that he "lived of the gospel," without salary, presents, fees or perquisites, from christenings, marriages or burials?

The fact above related I had from a dear departed friend, no less remarkable for the faithfulness of his narratives than for the accuracy of his observations, who frequently heard this preacher during a considerable stay in London. I am now reminded by one of the family of my deceased friend that our informant added the evidence he had, that the blind man recited the Gospel verbatim, in course, beginning in the morning where he left off the preceding evening, and the full persuasion that many heard the word of God in this singular way, who had never heard it before, and might else never have heard it!

This poor man's name is probably almost forgotten in this changing world; but where is the man, who may dare to say it will not be conspicuous in a grand voluminous register one day to be opened.—The Lamb's book of life?—Commercial Advertiser.

### THE TRUE SUBLIME.

A gentleman was once engaged in a controversy with a clergyman, and declared that no writer, ancient or modern, rivalled Homer in the sublimity of his conceptions. To prove this assertion, he cited the following passage: "Jove frowns, and darkness more than half the skies." There! cried he, what passage will you find equal to this? A frown from the brow of my Heavens Omnipotent, overshadows half the skies with darkness.

The clergyman did not ruminate long for an answer. He opposed him by the following quotation of the 20th chapter of Revelations, verse 11th. "And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and heavens fled away, and there was found no place for them." Your fabled god, he remarked, could only put half the heavens in a ferment by the distortion of his visage. At the bare appearance of the Christian Deity, creation trembles, and seeks annihilation for shelter.

### FROM THE NEW YORK OBSERVER AND CHRONICLE.

#### HOW MUCH GOOD TWO CHRISTIANS CAN DO.

In the spring of 1825, two young merchants of Boston, neither of them very wealthy or very influential, were sitting together on a pleasant evening, and conversing upon the greatness of their obligations to Christ. Suddenly the conversation turned upon the moral condition of their city, and the great need there was of more churches in which the truth should be faithfully dispensed. "Well," said one of them, "whatever is accomplished must be begun: what if we should undertake to effect the building of a new church?" The other hesitated a moment, and then said, "It looks like a great undertaking—but if Mills, though a small man," as he said, could make his influence felt across the Atlantic, we can at least make the attempt you propose." The thing was agreed on. That very night a subscription paper was drawn up, and the next morning the subject was laid before some of the older and more wealthy brethren, who gave it their cordial approbation, put down their names for a liberal share of the stock, and encouraged the same in others. The amount was soon swelled to nearly 30,000 dollars; a plot of ground was purchased, and a house erected.— This is the origin of Dr. Beecher's church; and when we say this, we probably state what is new to every individual in Boston, except the two who were immediately concerned. On opening the church, consisting of a large congregation was suddenly gathered, consisting in no small part, of those who had attended Unitarian or Universalist preaching, or were not connected with any religious society. Those who invested money in the house, have, we believe, been fully compensated by the sale or value of the pews; and as we said last week, the Spirit of God has added his gracious influences to crown this labor of love, and is bringing scores, if not hundreds in the congregation, to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

\*One of the Editors chanced to be intimately acquainted with these circumstances, as a third person.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CONVERTS TO PROTESTANTISM. In our last we made a brief extract from an Irish paper, stating the number of recent converts to Protestantism, from the errors of Popery, in a single town in Ireland. An extract from a letter on the same subject, addressed to a gentleman in Baltimore, dated Dublin, Dec. 22, 1826, appears in the last New York Christian Advocate. The writer considers, "the great evil of Ireland, Popery, to be on the decline." He says,

"I do not build my hopes on a few conversions to Protestantism; but there is a system at work, by means of schools and Bibles, which is silently and gradually sapping the very foundations of Popery. No doubt you have heard of the conversions which have taken place in the town of Cavan. Three hundred and three persons, male and female, have renounced Popery in that town within the last eleven weeks. The system is working elsewhere, and there have been numerous conversions in other quarters; but Cavan has taken the lead. It received the first impulse from Gideon Ouseley's preaching in the street. But the people were prepared for such a work by other means. A few years ago, the proprietor of the town, Lord Farnham, divided his estate into districts, and to each district he appointed a religious young man to carry the Scriptures into every house, and to read them, or procure them a reading in every instance where it was practicable. This I suppose to be one cause why Cavan has taken the lead in the reformation which is now taking place in many parts of Ireland. In every instance the young men appointed by Lord Farnham were members of the Methodist Society. You and I well remember the time when it was very difficult to prevail upon a Catholic to hear the gospel. But glory be to God, the time has arrived when our preaching houses are crowded with them, crying for mercy through the atoning blood of Jesus Christ."

The preceding facts are a trumpet-tongued comment on the papal imprisonment of the scriptures. Let the word of God, have but free course, and it will be glorified. Let the light of truth only shine forth, and popish darkness, and its works, must flee away. Soli oriente, fugiant tenebre.—Philadelphia.

### THE BENEFITS OF DR. RUSH.

AN ALLEGORY ASCRIBED TO DR. RUSH.

In the Island of Ceylon, in the Indian ocean, a number of individuals were assembled together, who were afflicted with most of the chronic diseases to which the human body is subject. In the midst of them sat several venerable figures, who amused them with entertaining upon some medicines, which they assured them would afford infallible relief in all cases. One boasted of an elixir—another of a powder, brought from America—a third, of a medicine, invented and prepared in Germany—all of which, they said, were certain antidotes to the gout—a fourth, cried up a nostrum for the vapors—a fifth, drops for the gravel—a sixth, a balsam, prepared from honey, as a sovereign remedy for a consumption—a seventh, a pill for cutaneous eruptions—while an eighth cried down the whole, and extolled a mineral water, which lay a few miles from where they were assembled. The credulous multitude partook eagerly of these medicines, but without any relief of their respective complaints. Several of those who made use of the antidotes to the gout, were hurried suddenly out of the world. Some said, their medicines were adulterated—others, that the doctors had mistaken their disorders—while most of them agreed, that they were much worse than ever. While they were all, with one accord, giving vent in this manner to the transports of disappointment and vexation, a clap of thunder was heard over their heads. Upon looking up, a light was seen in the sky. In the midst of this appeared the figure of something more than human—she was tall and comely—her skin was fair as the driven snow—a rosy hue tinged her cheeks—her hair hung loose upon her shoulders—her flowing robes disclosed a shape which would have cast a shade upon the statue of Venus of Medici. In her right hand she held a bough of evergreen—in her left hand she held a scroll of parchment. She descended slowly, and stood erect upon the earth—she fixed her eyes, which sparkled with life, upon the deluded and afflicted company—there was a mixture of pity and indignation in her countenance—she stretched forth her arm, and with a voice which was sweeter than melody itself, she addressed them in the following language:—

"Ye children of men, listen for a while to the voice of instruction. You seek health where it is not to be found. The boasted specifics you have been using, have no virtues. Even the persons who gave them, labor under many of the disorders they attempt to cure. My name is Hygieia. I preside over the health of mankind. Discard all your medicines, and seek relief from temperance and exercise alone. Every thing, you see, is active around you. All the brute animals in nature are active in their instinctive pursuits. Inanimate nature is active too—air—fire—water are always in motion. Unless this were the case, they would soon be unfit for the purposes for which they were designed, in the economy of nature. Shun sloth—this unbinds all the springs of life. Fly from your diseases—they will not—they cannot pursue you. Here she ended—she dropped the parchment upon the earth—a cloud received her, and she immediately ascended, more expressive of approbation than the loudest peals of applause. One of them approached, with reverence, to the spot where she had stood—took up the scroll, and read the contents of it to his companions. It contained directions to each of them, what they should do to restore their health. They all prepared themselves to obey the advice of the heavenly vision. The gouty man broke his vial of elixir, threw his powders into the fire, and walked four or five miles every day before breakfast. The hypochondriac and hysteric patients discharged their boxes of assafetida, and took a journey on horseback, to distant and opposite ends of the island. The melancholic threw aside his gloomy systems of philosophy, and sent for a dancing-master. The studious man shut up his folios, and sought amusement from the sports of children. The leper threw away his mercurial pills, and swam every day in a neighboring river. The consumptive man threw his balsam out of his window, and took a voyage to a distant country. After some months, they all returned to the place they were wont to assemble in.—Joy appeared in each of their countenances. One had renewed his youth—another had been half-born for many years, limbs—a third, who had been half-dead to sing some jovial song, without being interrupted with a cough for hours together, they all now enjoyed a complete recovery of their health. They all joined in offering sacrifices to Hygieia. Temples were erected to her memory; and she continues to this day, to be worshipped by all the inhabitants of that island.

What a great deal of time and ease that man gains, who is not troubled with the spirit of curiosity, who lets his neighbor's thoughts and behavior alone, confines his inspections to himself, and takes care of the point of honesty and conscience.

### THE END OF TIME.

Following circumstance occurred in the city of London, under the immediate observation of

who shared in all the enjoyments of a fashionable life can afford, but who neglect the thing needed," and seldom or never place of worship, had a pious servant.

immiserated the condition of her mind, surrounded with elegance and splendor, deposited on her dressing-table the "End of Time." This lover of the theatre, who attended to the theatre, and conviction of her sin, she immediately renounced her worldly pleasures, and consecrated her talents to the cause of God. She has for several regular portions of her time to visit the poor of her district and distributing tracts, been heard to declare, that one day, she had been productive of more true enjoyment, than of fashionable pleasure.—Am. Trav.



# A PROCLAMATION

FOR A DAY OF PUBLIC FASTING, HUMILIATION AND PRAYER.

"The period in the season of the year having arrived, when it has been usual for the Supreme Executive of this Commonwealth to set apart a day, on which the whole People, as one Community of Christian Worshipers, should, in the Temple dedicated to the Most High, unitedly offer the confession of penitence for Sin, and supplication for Pardon and Divine Favor;—I have thought fit, with the advice and consent of the Council, to appoint *Thursday, the Fifth Day of April* next, to be observed for this solemn service, in *Humiliation, Fasting and Prayer*. And I invite the several Religious Societies of Public Worship, humbly and religiously to be instructed, in a deeper sense of the weakness and error of human nature, and of the constant dependence of man upon the sustaining and disposing Providence of God.

As members of a civil community, we may, more especially, on this occasion, deplore the vices and crimes, which, in any degree, are prevalent in the Land;—the evil habits and manners and language which degrade and reproach the character of the times;—Profanity, imprecating the wrath of Heaven upon the guilty soul;—Intemperance, stealing upon the senses and debasing the image of God to loathsome beastliness;—Falsehood and Fraud and Violence, which consign to ignominy and moral death, and to the dread condemnation of a final Judgment.

As individuals, may we be led faithfully to review our past lives, and conscious of the imperfections and defects of personal conduct, of frequent deviations from the paths of duty and of safety, and grateful for the hopes and the promises which, on amendment, through the mission and mediation of Jesus Christ, are presented for our encouragement, may we seek the Grace of God, by imploring his forgiveness and mercy.

Devoutly engaged in these pious offices of penitence and supplication, may we also Praise and Bless the Lord, for all that is desirable and happy in our present condition, and for the beneficent providences with which he has regarded us, and pray for the continuance of his superintending care for ourselves, for our Commonwealth, and for our Country;—beseeching Him in whose hands are the issues of life and death, that He would reserve Health to the People;—That He, who is the Giver of the Harvest, would graciously vouchsafe a favorable Spring-time and a fruitful season;—That He would protect and guide and prosper us in all our essential interests;—That He would show His special favor to those, who are, at any time, in stations of influence and authority; that they may be animated with the spirit of fidelity, and endued with every capacity to discharge successfully the high trusts with which they may be invested;—That He would diffuse knowledge and the means of moral and religious improvement through the Land, to enlighten the ignorant, reform the vicious, and prepare the present Generation to transmit to Posterity, yet greater privileges and enjoyments, than were received from the wise and good, who have passed in bright examples of virtue and worthiness before them.

And remembering that we are of one blood with the unenlightened, the oppressed and the afflicted of the whole earth, may we bear them in our sympathies and prayers to the Throne of Infinite Mercy, fervently imploring the interposition of the Arm of Omnipotence to deliver the enslaved from bondage, and the wisdom of Omnipotence to bring all men, every where, from the darkness and stupor of Ignorance and Superstition and Sin, to a knowledge and perfect obedience of the precepts and sanctions of the Divine Law, and through Faith to eternal Salvation.

The People of the Commonwealth are requested to abstain, on this occasion, from whatever is inconsistent with its appropriate observance.

Given at the Council Chamber, in Boston, this 23d day of February, in the year of our Lord, 1827, and in the 51st year of the Independence of the United States of America.

LEVI LINCOLN.

By His Excellency the Governor, with the advice and consent of the Council. EDWARD D. BANGS, Secretary.

God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

From the Christian Secretary.

## PREACHING TO PRISONERS.

I have preached two Lord's days in succession at Newgate. A listening attention was manifested. Yesterday in particular was a solemn day. The assembly was large and interested. Many of the prisoners were much affected—all were attentive. The guard and officers behaved with dignity and affection. The tear of sympathy fell from many an eye. Who could help weeping?

Witnessing such an interest in hearing the word, I appointed to preach to them next Lord's day, in the morning; mentioning at the same time, that my people had been supplied, and would be supplied by a Brother, to whom I should hand what the State gave me for preaching to them—adding, that this was a small compensation for him, and proposed to take a contribution for him, of the congregation, not of the prisoners—which, when done, shall I say it? Shall I write it? Yes, to the shame and condemnation of the privileged and wealthy—of the moralist, and the Christian. Yes, I will write—these prisoners—these Newgate prisoners—confined for crimes—these prisoners begged the privilege to throw in their mites. Such a moving scene I never witnessed before. This was done in the sink of Connecticut, where the scum and filth of the State incline.

God Lord, shall we go to Newgate to learn to be liberal? I do believe that this place has been too much, and too long neglected, by the benevolent and humane. O my God, let prayers go up for Newgate. I mean to do something more than pray, and look on. If seconded by the State, I mean to establish a Library in that dreary abode of misery and wretchedness—a Library of choice books—books calculated to elevate their minds and morals. If objections should be started, I am prepared to obviate them. I mean to write more fully on the interests of prison-houses, in your future numbers.

A friend to Newgate Prisoners.

Feb. 19, 1827.

## MISSIONARY.

### SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Outrage of the Master and Crew of the English Whaler-ship Daniel.

The transactions here recorded are not recent, but the particulars have not before appeared; and they are such as ought to be widely circulated; that both the friends and the enemies of missions may know them fully. It will be recollected that the crew of an American vessel have since acted a similar part, and brought shame upon their country.

Extract from the Journal of Rev. Mr. Richards, at Maui, as published in the Missionary Herald for Feb.

Oct. 3, 1825. The ship Daniel, of London, Capt. Buckle, arrived, and anchored off Lahaina. The ship had no sooner anchored, than the officers and crew began to perceive the effect which Christianity is producing on the polluted Islanders. A law had been passed by the chiefs, prohibiting abandoned females from visiting the ships which touch at the islands. Three ships had recruited at this place and the law had been regarded.

Oct. 5. A little after sunset, two men from the Daniel called, and expressed a desire to converse with me alone. I unhesitatingly followed them to the door. They immediately introduced the subject of the new law; and said the law was an improper one, and that I was the means of its being passed. I entirely disclaimed having any thing to do in enacting this, or any other law of the nation, except, that, to the best of my ability, publicly and privately, I inculcated on

the chiefs, and on the people, the principles of the scriptures, among which, I, of course, included the 7th commandment. They said, I could, I pleased, procure a repeal of the law. I replied, that I could do it in no other way, than by telling the chiefs, that the law was inconsistent with the law of God, and that God would be angry with them, if they kept this law in force. I then appealed to them, whether, in speaking thus to the chiefs, I should be speaking the truth, or acting in the character of a Christian missionary. A full half hour was spent in conversation, during which time, I had some reason to believe a good impression was made on their minds.—They had just left the yard, and I had taken my seat at the table, when several more entered the yard, and one called at the window to know whether he might enter the house. I opened the door, but the language of those who remained without, was such as I should expect from a determined mob. The man who entered the house, immediately demanded the repeal of the law, at the same time uttering the severest threats. I conversed with him much as I had done with the other two, but not with so good effect. I tried to reason, but it was in vain. During the conversation he threatened, at one moment, my property, then my house, then my life; and last the lives of all my family. I told him distinctly, that there was only one course for me to pursue, and that, I had already mentioned,—that we left our country to devote our lives, whether longer or shorter, to the salvation of the heathen;—that we hoped we were equally prepared for life or death, and should, therefore, throw our breasts open to their knives, rather than retrace a single step we had taken.

Mrs. Richards, who had thus far listened to our conversation, then said to them, "I am feeble, and have none to look to for protection but my husband and my God. I might hope, that in my helpless situation, I should have the compassion of all who are from a Christian country. But if you are without compassion, or if it can be exercised only in the way you propose, then I wish you all to understand, that I am ready to share the fate of my husband, and will by no means, consent to live upon the terms you offer." The adamant seemed a little softened. He said, he should have nothing to do in any abuse, but he thought we had better look out for others.—As he was about to leave the house, we earnestly entreated that he and his shipmates would have compassion on themselves, even though they had none on us, and that they would conduct in such a manner, that they could justify themselves before that tribunal, to which we appealed, and before which they must surely be brought.

During the whole of this time, the company without, were uttering the most horrid oaths and threats; but after the man left the house, they all left the yard. One more came during the evening, but we did not admit him to the house. We employed several men to watch through the night, but sleep forsok our eyes.

Thursday 6th, two men in a state of intoxication, came to the gate, and talked in the most insulting manner. The natives prevented their entering the yard. I informed the officers of the American ships, who were present, what threats had been made, but it was a subject in which they felt no interest. I then addressed a letter to Capt. Buckle, stating what had taken place, and requesting him to call and see me, as it was improper for me to leave my house to call on him. He did not call, but wrote in reply, that all his men were on shore, with a determination not to go off to the ship, until they obtained females to accompany them.—He, therefore, gave it, as his opinion, that I had better give my assent, after which, he assured me, all would be peace and quietness. All hope of receiving any protection from the Captain, was now at an end: indeed, I had, previously, but little ground for hope, for he had already a mistress on board, who had accompanied him a six months voyage. She had been one of our most promising pupils, but, last March, was sold by Wainio Pio, her chief, for 160 dollars. She was so unwilling to accompany him, that after she was taken on board, three different messengers came to me, at her request, earnestly entreating, that I would use my influence to procure her release. The law on the subject, was not then passed, and there was no chief of sufficient authority, in Lahaina, to whom I could apply. She was, therefore, compelled to go, notwithstanding all her entreaties.

On Friday morning, I rose earlier than usual, and walked out in the yard, but had scarcely reached the gate, when I saw a company of sixteen men approaching the house. They passed by without calling. The path being so narrow that they were compelled to walk single file; every individual, as he passed uttered some deadly threat, accompanied with awful oaths and gestures. The whole appearance of the men was such, as plainly told us, that they were ripe for the blackest crime. This company returned to the ship; but, about 9 o'clock, a boat was seen approaching the shore full of men, and having, what the natives call, a black ensign. The trees in front of the house obstructed the sight, so that I could not see the boat; but as soon as it reached the land, about fifteen or twenty men were seen approaching our house some of them armed with knives, and one or more, with pistols. As they approached the gate, one of our small guard stepped up, shut it, and attempted to hold it. The foremost of the mob came up and ordered it to be opened, but was not obeyed; at which, he drew a knife, and made a thrust at the guard; he started back and thus avoided the thrust. The sailor then attempted to enter, but the gate being again closed upon him, he made a second thrust, but the gate received the knife, which entered the wood more than an inch. The guard being only four or five in number, and they unarmed, were then obliged to retreat.

I had witnessed this at the window, but, seeing the guard retreat, I retired to the back part of the house, where I could have a better opportunity to defend myself, in case the house should be broken in. One of the mob came up to the window and asked "Where is the missionary?" No answer was given; but the man stood looking and threatening; during which time, the natives were collecting from every quarter, with stones and clubs; and before the sailor had left the window, not less than thirty natives had entered the house at the back door. The mob then retired without offering any further violence. Through the day, however, and the fore-part of the night, we were constantly disturbed by sailors who were skulking about the yard, and frequently coming to the door with professions of friendship, and earnestly entreating to be admitted into our house. As soon as the mob retired, the chiefs increased the number of the guard, and also gave them weapons, which they had before refused to do. On Saturday, all was still, excepting, that reports were every where in circulation, that on Sunday, the whole crew were going to make an united attack upon us. We knew not what to do. The health of Mrs. Richards had been such that for three months, she had been unable to attend public worship. The church was near half a mile from our house; and to leave Mrs. Richards alone, during worship, appeared unsafe and improper. I therefore mentioned to the chiefs on Saturday evening, that worship would be conducted under the kou trees in my own yard. The morning dawned, and among the natives all was still and quiet as a New England Sabbath. We could not bear the thought, that on that day, the church must be deserted. Instead of being worn down with anxiety, Mrs. Richards exhibited much more than her usual strength and firmness. She had been entirely deprived of rest for four successive nights, and had not, for many months, been able to walk away from our door; but early on this morning, she proposed to accompany me to the house of worship. I immediately gave orders counter to those I had given the evening before. The bell was rung, and the people assembled in their customary place, and in their usual numbers. Having committed our house to the care of the guards, and ourselves to the care of an Almighty Protector, Mrs. Richards and myself repaired to the church. We saw sailors in every direction, but did not receive the slightest insult from any individual.

Whether the men were deterred by their fear of the natives, or more directly, by that power, which secretly, but constantly controls the heart, we are unable to say. The day was so quiet, that at night, we were relieved from much of our anxiety, and retired to rest at an earlier hour than usual. We had just fallen into a quiet sleep, when Mr. Stewart arrived. One of our guard heard him at the door, and immediately called out to know who was there. The answer was, Mr. Stewart. The guard was suspicious, and therefore took a lamp, and raised a window a little, pointed out his musket, and then ordered Mr. Stewart to come to the window, that he might see him. As soon as he saw who he was, he opened the door. After this, we received no more threats or insults. Capt. Buckle and his men, however, seemed determined, that the law should be repealed, and frequently went to the chiefs on the subject. They said, that they were never in so religious a place before in all their lives. But, after all their efforts, they could not procure the repeal of the law, nor could they procure a single female to carry with them to the ship.

After this, a considerable number of American whalers visited us, and were as polite and kind as usual. But when we learned, that Capt. Buckle encouraged his men in all that they did, and even went so far as to promise them arms, in case they needed them, in the accomplishment of their object.

The appearance of the people during this commotion, was far better than could be expected under such circumstances. In the midst of the danger, the princess sent to know if we would take passage with her in a double canoe for Morokai. When she found that we preferred staying in Lahaina, she despatched a man after our babe, saying, she would take care of him in the fort, where no evil could befall him. Whenever I walked out, if the natives saw a foreigner, even at a distance, they at once collected around me, and drew themselves into a posture of defence.

There has never been a period in our lives, on which we had more occasion to look back with gratitude to our Heavenly Benefactor, than the one of which I have now been speaking. Not a hair of our heads has been injured. We have never yet felt forsaken, or alone. We have never yet wished ourselves out of this field of labor, and toil, and persecution; but we have wished, and longed, and prayed, for one associate, who would help us when we are feeble, advise us when in doubt, hold up our hands when we faint; who would teach the people when we are away, take care of us when we are sick, help to guard us when we are assaulted, go with us to the throne of grace; and in fine, share with us all our toils, all our sorrows, and all our joys. The value of such associates we have learned by happy experience, and we have also learned what it is to be without them.

A Sabbath in Hawaii. The Rev. Mr. Bishop makes the following remarks:

The Sabbath ever dawned on the Christian pilgrim with a peculiar welcome. When looking out towards the western shore, I saw a company of people, about one hundred in number, winding around a hill, and descending to the place where we now are. I inquired who they were; the answer was, "They are those who love God, and are coming here to pray." Presently another company came up from the other quarter, and upon the signal being given for the people to assemble, the whole of this populous village came together, about 1000 persons. I preached in the open air, both morning and evening, with more than usual freedom, and to highly attentive audiences. After the morning service, the school, containing 100 pupils taught by a son of Kamakau, assembled, and repeated every answer in the catechism without any prompting. It is but five weeks since their teacher first came.

Moral state of the inhabitants of Hawaii.—The present state of the people, is the most favorable that can be conceived, for the reception of Christianity, and the arts of civilization.—Their heathenish superstitions are nearly, or quite done away, and the true God is acknowledged by them, as their God. The desire of obtaining a knowledge of the character and attributes of Jehovah, is every where manifested. Wherever the subject of religion is introduced, either in public or private, the utmost attention is paid to what is said, and no disposition to cavil or contradict is manifested. There are now on this island, upwards of eighty schools established, and in active operation, containing, at an average, 60 scholars in each school. More than 4,800 pupils, in the course of the present year, we may suppose, will be qualified to read the New Testament with facility, in their own language. Wherever schools are established, the Sabbath is observed; all work is laid aside together with every kind of diversion; the people assemble for prayer, wherever there is a teacher capable of leading in that exercise, and for hearing such remarks, as the teacher, or some other person present, is capable of making. Drunkenness is also suppressed by law, and a heavy fine imposed upon the transgressor. In my whole tour of 350 miles, performed in four weeks, I saw but one man intoxicated; whereas, two years since, it was a most common thing to see whole villages given up to intemperance.

## REVIVALS.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

### HALLOWELL CIRCUIT, Me.

It is well known that Methodism was planted in these ends of the earth by our venerable father in the ministry, the Rev. Jesse Lee. An account of whose life and labors is now published to the world, and whose success is here recorded in "leaves more durable than leaves of brass." Many here can testify of him, "He told me all that ever I did." His successors entered the field of labor under the influence of the same spirit, and having the same object in view—their success too is manifest to all the world. By them as instruments in the hand of God, people have been raised up to testify that God has power on earth to forgive sins; societies and churches are grown up in town and country, from St. Croix to New Hampshire. The wilderness and solitary places are singing of the salvation of God and the once parched ground has become a "well watered garden and a fruitful field." During the past year several places in this state have been especially visited by the Great Head of the church. Among these is Hallowell. Toward the close of November, we first witnessed favorable omens. There appeared to be a general attention to preaching—prayer meetings were crowded—and it was manifest that there was an excitement, more than common in the minds of some. Before the close of December several had experienced the pardon of sin, and the attention had become more general.

About this time our new church in this place was dedicated to the worship of Almighty God. This was an interesting occasion. We almost realized the accomplishment of the ancient prophecy, that Zion's watchmen should see eye to eye. Contending parties, or parties before distant in feeling, apparently united to bury the hatchet under the tree of peace, and in token of good feeling commemorated a custom as ancient at least as the time of Jacob and Laban, by surrounding the friendly board and receiving a rich supply from nature's bounty. The day was celebrated by a variety of pleasing exercises of which every resident minister on the circuit shared a part. An appropriate sermon was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Lovell, to a large attentive congregation, from Haggaai ii. 9, "The glory of this latter house shall exceed that of the former." &c. In the evening a watch-meeting was attended; at the commencement of which, two impressive discourses were delivered. The attention of the congregation appeared fixed, and a universal solemnity prevailed. Soon after mourners were invited forward, and nine approached the altar for prayer. The remaining part of the evening was spent in

offering up prayer in their behalf. From this period to the quarterly meeting which took place on the 19th and 20th of the last month, the work gradually moved forward; some were awakened and several converted. But at this meeting the prospect brightened; the altar was crowded with mourners, and two professed to experience relief from the burden of sin. Immediately after the work took a still more favorable turn. The Lord suddenly came to his temple. As the disciples were assembled all with one accord in one place the Holy Ghost came down upon them, and eight souls were made the happy subjects of converting grace.—The next evening five were set at liberty, and the mourners were multiplied. The work has continued to this progress, and still is highly interesting. At our last general conference 24 converts were received on trial. There is some excitement generally on the circuit. Since the commencement of this conference year between 50 and 60 have professed to experience religion. We are praying that the work may become more mighty and powerful, and that this eastern country may be set on fire with the flame of reformation, and we confidently expect that our brethren in the west and south are co-operating with us in prayer, and will respond the hearty AMEN. We lift our eyes on this widely extended field, and behold it white already to harvest. But, alas for us, we are necessitated to make the old complaint, "The laborers are few." Notwithstanding, however, the disadvantages we are subjected to from fewness of numbers, we are resolved to thrust in the sickle with our might, and in the mean time would earnestly raise the Macedonian cry to our brethren in other parts of the world's field, "Come over and help us."—Come over and help us."

H. B. MACK.  
MOSES HILL.

Hallowell, Feb. 22, 1827.

## MANSFIELD CIRCUIT.

TO THE PUBLISHERS OF ZION'S HERALD.

Dear Brother,—On Saturday and Sabbath last we had our quarterly meeting on this circuit at Cumberland, R. I. We dedicated our Meeting-house on Saturday. Notwithstanding a previous, powerful rain had rendered the travelling very bad, yet the house was crowded to overflowing. From the commencement of our services, the glory of the Lord seemed to fill the house. We had a gracious season in love-feast on Sabbath morning; the brethren were quickened to newness of life, and uniformly expressed a resolution in God's strength, to rise from the world, and to endeavor more earnestly to resemble the moral excellence of the Redeemer. An invitation being given at the close of the love-feast, for mourners to rise for prayer, two men arose with a firmness, which evinced the deep emotions of their souls so strongly, as to occasion an almost universal tremor through the house. At the close of the sacrament, an invitation was again given to those who felt their need of religion, to come to the altar for prayers, and four persons came tremblingly and bowed under the pressure of sin before the Lord. We commended them to our compassionate Saviour; and such was their appearance, that we are induced to believe they are not far from the kingdom of God. It is due to this dear people to say, without any view to flattery, that their hospitality, decorum and seriousness on the occasion, did honor to God's house and service, as well as to a Christian community.

For a number of years our brethren and friends in Cumberland had unsuccessfully tried to erect a house for worship; but at length, through the good providence of God, they are furnished with a neat house of 56 by 36 feet, which we have solemnly and exclusively dedicated to God. Strong symptoms of a good work appear; and we ardently hope and pray, that the dear people in this place will soon be numbered with the friends and followers of Jesus, and in eternity praise God that ever this house was erected. It is worthy of remark, that our house is erected on the sacred spot, which was long since consecrated by preaching on it in the open air.

Yours, truly, B. F. LAMBORD.

N. B.—A number have been converted on different parts of the circuit, and the appearances in a number of places are promising.

Mansfield, Mass. Feb. 20, 1827.

## ZION'S HERALD.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7, 1827.

### ENCOURAGEMENT TO SCHOOL TEACHERS.

So many are the cares and vexations attending the instruction of youth, that any encouragement to those engaged in this employment must be well received. Moral culture is laborious business. The body may be improved; its motions regulated; strength increased; beauty heightened;—but when you would ardent the soul, you seem to beat the air—you strike a phantom, and the blow seems to return wearily on him that gave it. Yet this fruitlessness in labor does not, to the full extent of appearances, actually exist. The seed is sown in hope; watered by the future providences of life, it springs up in the memory when little else of the scenes of childhood is remembered, and bears fruit when the head is whitened for the grave. It is no unusual occurrence to have the remembrance of a teacher of our youth cross the mind in the busy scenes of life. His manner revives—the words that he spoke and the looks he gave are present with us, while the teacher of our youth is far away, or resting in the dust.

But this is not all the encouragement we have to offer those whose days and nights are worn out with the toil of instructing youth in colleges, in academies, in Sabbath schools, and private circles. These remembrances, springing up in after years, are pleasing circumstances, designed to cheer the teacher; yet, from the brightening prospects of the moral world, we would gather the most substantial encouragements. The time has come when instruction seizes strongly on the mind—when words are not lost on it or referred to future years for their effect. So great is the passion for improvement that it pervades all ranks. The aged and the young feel it alike strongly. Why these things should be so, at the present day more than in former years, is best known to those who deeply study the "signs of the times." It may be, however, attributed to two causes;—the immediate agency of the Spirit of God, which is a Spirit of knowledge, upon the minds of men, preparing them eminently for great happiness and great exertions for the happiness of others;—and the effect of the more general diffusion of learning, during late years, throughout the world. Knowledge resembles well invested capital—it is ever on the increase—it never satisfies, but for ever awakens new exertion and carries a reward along with it.

However painful it may be to the teacher to see his most pathetic and tender themes of religious instruction despised, or driven from the mind by the wild vagaries of mirth, he may take comfort in the reflection that the same instruction shall meet the eye in the columns of religious newspapers, tracts and school books. The means now in use, and going into operation for

moral improvement, are many. A spirit, whose mightier than the spirit of man, presides over the movements, and marshals the army of the faithful rank behind rank advances to the help of the Lord, and the soul that is able to accomplish its ruin against the efforts of such "a cloud of witnesses," must possess a fatal strength.

These are a few of the considerations that may encourage Sabbath school teachers and others engaged in the instruction of children. The propitious aspect of the moral horizon invites the laborer to cast his seed into the dewy earth. The genial warmth of spring shall nourish it; clouds shall bend over it, distilling gentle showers, and, at no distant hour, the beautiful production shall meet the smile of angels in the skies, and more than reward the toil of cultivation.

## ROBERT HALL'S WRITINGS.

We have just perused a volume of Political and other Miscellaneous, consisting of articles originally inserted in the London Eclectic Review. By Robert Hall, M. A. of Leicester, Eng. Published by James Loring, 132 Washington-street, Boston, 1827.

This writer has so much distinguished himself by his independent and critical character of his works, that it affords us pleasure to see an American, from the seventh London edition, presented to our readers' community. The work before us consists of reviews of moral and religious publications; with an apology for the liberty of the press. No man can read Hall's views without receiving an impression that a powerful mind has laid out its energies on the various subjects brought into notice; and no citizen of this country can read his "freedom of the press," without thanking God for those blessings so eminently enjoyed in our happy land. Mr. Hall rather roughly handles a sermon preached by Bishop Horsley, before the house of lords, and we can hardly conceive how writings, abounding with such strong language, could have escaped the wrath of those in power.

Mr. Hall, in his writings, has the privilege of strong intellect and genius—which is to make his sentiments respected even by his enemies, and to make deep impressions on the public mind.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Who shall decide when doctors disagree? We have recently received a very severe criticism on a periodical production that has appeared under the patronage of a certain Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Another communication, mailed at the same office and received soon after, warmly applauds what the other condemns. In this case, as in Algebra, plus, abstractly considered, is equal to minus. What can we do then, but to lay these two communications together in such fraternal silence that, although "Greek meets Greek," there shall be no "rag of war?"

Bunyan, Jr. appears perfectly sensible that, although his prophetic dream revealed the "progress" which some "pilgrims" are making, times have sadly altered since good Bunyan, senior wrote his "Pilgrim's progress." The gift of prophecy is no ordinary attainment, and has, in this case, "disclosed the thoughts of many hearts;" yet, so much greater a charity, we shall throw its beautiful veil over all that the prophecy is fully verified.

A correspondent desires to know why we do not publish the case of Capt. Morgan. This we should have done long since if we could have learned it. The sacred regard to truth which we, as conductors of a religious journal, are under obligations to cultivate, has excluded the subject from our columns thus far. Whenever the truth shall come out clearly it shall be made known.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

## WESLEY, VERSUS UNIVERSALISM.

MR. EDITOR,

In the Christian Intelligencer and Eastern Chronicle, of Feb. 2d, appeared an article, which represented the late Rev. John Wesley to have been a "firm believer in universal salvation." To support this novel and very extraordinary assumption, the writer commences with a remarkable account of a conversation, which, he says, took place between Mr. Wesley and Mr. Winchester, in which Mr. Wesley acknowledged, "that he was fully convinced of the truth of the restitution, or restoration, of all things, though he had not as yet opened his mind on that subject to the world, because he believed that the public mind was not yet ripe for it." &c. Does this look like the open, undaunted, undissembling John Wesley? When did he ever conceal what he believed to be the truth of God, out of complacency to the public mind? Never, though it should expose him to private slander or public reproach.

But, says the writer, Mr. Wesley told Mr. Winchester, "that he had written a sermon on that subject, and left it with a printer, with orders to publish several thousand copies, (and had paid him therefor,) with strict orders to have none of them sold, but to have them handed out gratis to the world." It would without doubt have been a valuable acquisition to the cause of Universalism had such a sermon been published containing such matter as the writer supposes; but by some means no such publication has made its appearance; nor are we informed of any one who ever saw even the manuscript; and who the printer was that kept the money and never published the work is still a secret!

As to the poem which Mr. Winchester published, said to have been composed by Mr. Wesley, though I have never seen it; yet, from a consideration of the consistency of Mr. Wesley's doctrinal views, and the general tenor of his writings, I am persuaded there is nothing in it favorable to Universalism. Should such a poem appear claiming to be his, and containing such doctrine, it could not be viewed by those acquainted with his writings, as any thing less than a spurious production, and a libel on that great man.

If Dr. Huntington preached Calvinism while living, and wrote a book containing Universalism, entitled, "Calvinism improved," and left it to be published after his death, no such imputation can be made to rest upon the character of John Wesley.

It is singular indeed, if Mr. Wesley was a "firm believer in Universalism," that his most intimate friends should have been ignorant of it;—that the numerous readers and admirers of his writings have never possessed sufficient discernment to discover it; and that the discovery and information respecting his belief, should be found only with Universalists! Until we have better evidence than is to be found in these incredible accounts and assertions, will not the public consider them pitiful shifts and mere fabrications palmed off under the sanction of a great name, in order to render false doctrine less offensive, and, if possible, support a sinking cause?

The several quotations from Mr. Wesley's sermons, produced as proof of his being a Universalist, miserably misrepresent his meaning; and but too clearly evince the unjustifiable measures to which error will resort for support.

The first and fourth quotations from the general assembly may be found, Vol. ii. octavo. In this sermon the author expresses, although the present state of the miserable; yet, there will be success and influence of the gospel, and the disposition of the impenitent living, be such in relation to it, as shall be raised and the blessedness of that day. The doctrine of eternal death, from his own words in this sermon, says, "I am persuaded that had, at some time, life and eternal life and eternal death, and eternal glory."

The second and third are from New Creation, pp. 167 and 168. Wesley describes, in strong language, the material world, and the glories of holiness, when all in the new heaven be holy and happy; but does not there shall not be sinners of impenitent holding dear, intimate communion with God. To a writer of the article has, as a Mr. Wesley's meaning. His sermon on the end of Christ, itself, the last enemy of man, a resurrection." Vol. ii. p. 117. Wesley most evidently means, loses its power over the bodies of their being raised in a state of dominion. And we might as well say that he believed in transmigration.

The last quotation is from a try of inquiry, Vol. ii. p. 138. of holiness and happiness which in that day when the whole earth, shall know, and love, a person of ordinary discernment compare the sentiments contained with the quotations that he Wesley's works, and it will be cover that as "a faithful witness not neglect this important thing his testimony against Universalism he was no believer in Universalism. In his sermon on, "Where the fire is not quenched," Mr. Wesley represents the miseries of the torment of "both body and soul—that they have no respite, business, but one unintermittent which they must all attend to."

"And this duration is without end! Nothing but eternity! And who can count the sands of the sea, or the days of suffering is softened, if there be a deliverance from it. But let us "Hope never comes, that dawns of the upper world! We eod!"

"NEVER! Where sinks the soul into a gulf how dark, and how still we are only on the threshold the pain of body, nor of soul, than it was millions of ages ago!" p. 265.

Can any man, who has a moral or a proper sense of morality, and then have the effluvia Wesley believed in Universalism?

Again, vol. iii. p. 221, speaks prayer of the rich man in hell, don to cry now while we are alive; otherwise it will be too late! flame? Tormented! observe, hope, that fire can purify a spiritations from the sermons of this be produced, speaking the same testimony to the same impious suffices for the present.

We shall now produce some, and then conclude our remarks. Mat. xviii. 34. "And his Lord him to the tormentors, till he be due." On this passage he observes all hope of release; for this be.

Mat. xxv. 46. "And these shall be punished; but the righteous shall be rewarded; and the reward shall be expressed by being applied to the—that the punishment lasts as long as the son of man it shall be forgiven. Luke, xii. 10. "And whosoever shall say to his brother, 'Thou art forgiven,' he shall be forgiven." On this passage he says, "Yet the denying me in on true repentance, he is forgiven as that of the blasphemy against shall never be forgiven, neither penitence."

2 Thos. i. 9. "Who shall be destroyed from the presence of the glory of his power." Wesley remarks: "From the glorious yet stout hearted! Every there can be no end of their punishment against God remaining; no nothing and its punishment running eternally itself. They must of it cut off from all good and possession of the Lord—wherein restoration of the righteous. What ment is implied, even in falling, that nothing more were implied penance."

Heb. vi. 2. "Of the doctrine of hands, and the resurrection and final judgment." On this he says, "They were more fully instructed in doctrine,



are many. A spirit, wiser than spirit of man, presides over the marshals the army of the faithful to the help of the Lord, able to accomplish its ruin against a cloud of witnesses," must be of the considerations that may en- gage teachers and others engaged in the laborer to cast his eye on earth. The genial warmth of it; clouds shall bend over it, dis- persed, and at no distant hour, the sun shall meet the smile of sun- shine, and reward the toil of cultivation.

**HALL'S WRITINGS.**—A new volume of Polemical and Eclectic Review, by Robert Hall, Esq. Published by James W. Benson, No. 12, South Street, Boston, 1827.

The first and fourth quotations are from Mr. Wesley's sermon on the *general spread of the gospel*, and may be found, Vol. II. octavo edition, pp. 159 and 151. In this sermon the author expresses and maintains that although the present state of the world is *wretched and miserable*; yet, there will be a period, when the success and influence of the gospel will be more abundant, and the disposition of the inhabitants of the world, then living, be such in relation to it, as to bring about universal holiness and happiness in the earth;—but gives us no authority to conclude, that those who have died in their sins, shall be raised and be made partakers of the blessedness of that day. That Mr. Wesley held the doctrine of eternal death to the wicked, is evident from his own words in this very sermon, p. 152, where he says, "I am persuaded that every child of God has had, at some time, *life and death set before him*, eternal life and eternal death, and has in himself the casting voice."

The second and third are from his sermon on the *New Creation*, pp. 167 and 168. In this sermon, Mr. Wesley describes, in strong language, the change of the material world, and the glorious state that will follow, when all in the new heaven and new earth shall be holy and happy; but does not even intimate that there shall not be sinners of mankind for ever prohibited from holding deep, intimate, and uninterrupted communion with God. To apply such passages as the writer of the article has, to a *wretched perversion* of Mr. Wesley's meaning. The next quotation is from his sermon on the *end of Christ's coming*. "And death itself, the last enemy of man, shall be destroyed at the resurrection." Vol. II. p. 117. By death here, Mr. Wesley most evidently means *natural death*, which loses its power over a state no longer subject to its dominion. And we might as justly infer from this passage that he believed in transmigration as in Universalism.

The last quotation is from the sermon on the *mystery of iniquity*, Vol. II. p. 133, and refers to that state of holiness and happiness which shall cover the world, in that day when the whole race of men then on the earth, shall know, and love, and serve God. Let any person of ordinary discernment and candor, read and compare the sentiments contained in these sermons, with the quotations that hereafter follow from Mr. Wesley's works, and it will be impossible not to discover that as "a faithful witness of the truth," he did not "neglect this important part of his duty," in bearing his testimony against Universalism. And also that he was no believer in universal salvation.

In his sermon on, "Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched," Mark ix. 43, after representing the miseries of the wicked as embracing the torment of "both body and soul, without intermission"—that "they have no respite from pain"—that "their business, but one uninterrupted scene of horror, to which they must be all attention"—he goes on, "And this duration is without end! What a thought is this! Nothing but eternity is the term of their torment! And who can count the drops of rain, or the sands of the sea, or the days of eternity? Every suffering is softened, if there be any hope, though distant, of deliverance from it. But here

"Hope never comes, that comes to all the inhabitants of the upper world! What! sufferings never to end!" "Never! Where sinks the soul at that dread sound; Into a gulf how dark, and how profound!"

Suppose millions of days, of years, of ages elapsed, still we are only on the threshold of eternity! Neither the pain of body, nor of soul is any nearer an end, than it was millions of ages ago." Wesley's Ser. vol. II. p. 263.

Can any man, who has a tender regard for truth, or has a proper sense of moral principles read this paragraph, and then have the effrontery to assert that Mr. Wesley believed in Universalism?

Again, vol. III. p. 221, speaking of the unavailing prayer of the rich man in hell, he says, "it is our wisdom to cry now while we are in the land of mercy; otherwise it will be too late! I am tormented in this flame! Tormented! observe, not purified. Vain hope, that fire can purify a spirit!" Many other quotations from the sermons of this truly great man, might be produced, speaking the same language, and bearing testimony to the same important truth; but these may suffice for the present.

We shall now produce some passages from his notes, and then conclude our remarks with a few reflections. Mat. xviii. 34. "And his Lord being wroth delivered him to the tormentors, till he should pay all that was due." On this passage he observes, "That is, without hope of release; for this he could never do."

Mat. xxv. 46. "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal." Mr. Wesley remarks, "Either punishment is eternal, or the reward is not. The very same expression being applied to the former as to the latter—that the punishment lasts as long as the reward."

John. xii. 10. "And whosoever shall speak against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him; but to him who blasphemeth against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven." On this passage he says, "As if he had said, 'Yet the dening me in some degree, may, upon true repentance, be forgiven; but if it rise so high as that of the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, it shall never be forgiven, neither is there place for repentance.'"

1 Thes. ii. 9. "Who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power." On this text, Mr. Wesley remarks, "From the glory of his power—Tremendous yet stout heart! Everlasting destruction—As there can be no end of their sins, (the same enemy against God remaining,) so neither of their punishment; and his punishment running parallel throughout eternity itself. They must of necessity, therefore, be cut off from all good and possibility of it; from the presence of the Lord—wherein chiefly consists the salvation of the righteous. What unspeakable punishment is implied, even in falling short of this, supposing that nothing more were implied in his taking vengeance."

Heb. vi. 2. "Of the doctrine of baptisms, and laying on of hands, and the resurrection of the dead, and eternal judgment." On this he says, "After which we were more fully instructed, touching the resurrection, and the general judgment, called eternal, because the sentence then pronounced is irreversible, but the effects of it remain for ever."

John. 6. Of the fallen angels, he observes, "When these fallen angels came out of the hands of God, they were holy, (else God made that which was evil,) and being holy they were beloved of God; (else he hated the image of his own spotless purity.) But now he loves them no more; they are doomed to endless destruction, (for if he loved them still, he would love what is sinful,) and both his former love, and his present righteousness, and eternal displeasure towards them, because he invariably loveth righteousness and hateth iniquity."

Rev. xiv. 10. "The same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out without mixture into the cup of his indignation, and he shall be tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the Lamb; and the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever." Mr. Wesley comments on this passage, "He shall drink with Babylon (chap. xvi. 19), and shall be tormented with the beast, (chap. xv. 10.) In all the scripture there is not another so terrible threatened as this. And God by his greater fear arms his servants against the fear of the beast. The wrath of God which is poured unmingled—without any mixture of mercy, without hope, into the cup of his indignation, and is no real anger implied in all this? O what a fearful sight! even wise men assert, to serve an hypothesis! And the smoke—from the fire and brimstone wherein they are tormented—ascendeth for ever—God grant that I may never try the strict, literal eternity of

these Trusses may be obtained wholesale and retail of Mr. Ebenezer Wight, Apothecary, Milk-street, opposite Federal-street, Boston.

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## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC.

## FREEDOM'S JOURNAL.

The above is the title of a paper proposed to be issued in the city of New York, by the Rev. Samuel E. Cornish, and John B. Busworm, men of color, who it is said are men of education, and well qualified for the task. The following is an extract from the prospectus.

As education is what renders civilized man superior to the savage: as the dissemination of knowledge is continually progressing among all other classes in the community: we deem it expedient to establish a paper, and bring into operation all the means with which our Benevolent Creator has endowed us, for the moral, religious, civil, and literary improvement of our injured race. Experience teaches us that the Press is the most economical and convenient method by which this object is to be obtained.

"Daily slandered, we think that there ought to be some channel of communication between us and the public, through which a single voice may be heard, in defence of five hundred thousand free people of color. For often has injustice been heaped upon us, when our only defence was an appeal to the Astrucy; but we believe that the time has now arrived, when the calumnies of our enemies should be refuted by forcible arguments.—Believing that all men are equal by nature, we indulge the pleasing anticipation, that as the means of education are more extensively diffused among our people, their condition will become more improved, not only in their daily walk and conversation, but in their domestic economy."

We expect this work will receive substantial encouragement from the friends of the people of color in this city and elsewhere. One of the proprietors is now here soliciting patronage.—*Philadelphia.*

*Érolite*.—The St. Petersburg Journal of October 7, contains an account of an *Érolite* which fell, May last, in the Government of Ekaterinoslaw, and in the district of Polsgrod.

"Some laborers working in the fields at noon, heard a noise, which seemed to come from the clouds, and continued to increase, until it ended in a loud explosion. At the same time they saw a heavy body descending rapidly, the fall of which was accompanied by a flash of light. It was about twenty fathoms from them. On going to the spot, they found a stone, which in falling, had raised the earth to the height of two or three feet, and made a hole one arshen in depth. On the day when the phenomenon took place, the sky was slightly clouded, the air calm without any storm or rain. The stone weighs two pounds: its color is a very dark blue, approaching to black. The surface has some small cavities; and, in general the external appearance much resembles that of an agglomerate of sand."

*Curiosities of Pennsylvania*.—We have just examined some specimens of chirography, executed by a female of this town, for her ingenuity surpasses every thing of the kind, probably in this country—they are imitations of typography, so exactly resembling the impressions of type about the size of long primer, as to mock the nicest scrutiny. What is more remarkable, however, and which will scarcely be believed, some of the specimens consist of three books, comprising nearly 200 pages duodecimo, of closely and accurately printed matter, all the work of the pen! Whatever may be thought of so singular a taste, these productions are certainly most astonishing monuments of patience, exhibiting the powers of that wonderful instrument the pen, in a very extraordinary manner.—*Nantucket Inquirer.*

*Subterranean Relics*.—The American Lyceum has given an account of a relic discovered not long since near Morlaix, in Brittany, in France, by Count La Fruglaire.—A like discovery has also taken place lately in digging a canal near Carlisle, in England, where a very extensive forest of oak trees was found under ground. The trees are all inclining towards the north and covered with four feet depth of earth, and above a Roman wall is discernible.—The wood of these trees appear in a very good state of preservation, and differ but little from our common oak wood. It is presumed the forest must have been a very long time under ground, before the Romans erected the wall that stands upon it.

## GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

## FOREIGN.

*Late Duke of York*. His Royal Highness the Duke of York, died in London on the 5th of January. The Lying-in State was to commence in a new State Room in St. James's Palace on the 18th, and to continue two days. The funeral was to take place on Saturday, January 20, and would move in procession from St. James's Palace to the Castle at Windsor, without stopping. All the military which could be spared from duty, were to be in requisition. The yeomanry corps are called upon to volunteer. Minute guns were to be fired, and all the church bells in London and in the country, to toll throughout the day. The body to be placed on an elegant bier, drawn by eight of the King's black horses.

The ornaments on the state coffin are gilt, and are emblematical of his dignity, as a Prince of the Blood. They consist of the coronets of the Royal Duke, massive tablets, and handles; D. Y. and palm leaves at the corners; in all amounting to forty-four plates, all of them highly finished. A large plate is placed on the lid, with the following inscription:

Deposuit  
Illustrissimi Principis  
FREDERICI  
DE BRUNSWIG, LUNENBURG,  
DUCIS EBORACI et ALBANIE  
Comitis Ultonie  
Nobilissimi Ordinis Principis  
Honoratissimi Ordinis Militaris de Balneo  
Equitis  
Fratris Augustissimi et Potentissimi Monarche  
Georgii Quarti  
Dei Gratia Britanniarum Regis  
Fidei Defensoris  
Regis Hannover, etc.  
Obiit Quinto Die Januarii  
Anno Domini MDCCLXXXVII  
Ætatis sue LXXV

Orders have been given for all batteries where there are no ships, to fire sixty minute guns before sunset on the 20th inst. the day appointed for the funeral of the late Duke. If there are any ships, only thirty guns are to be fired. Any man of war lying alone in port, must fire sixty guns before sunset on the day mentioned, but squadrons are to fire thirty each. The Duke of York was in the 55th year of his age.

It appears that the Duke of York has labored under spasmodic affections for the last four years, and during that time could not lie down but at the hazard of his life. For many months previous to his death, he was compelled to sleep in an easy chair. It appears that he expected to recover until the day when he died. On the morning of that day he beckoned to his attendants, and faintly said, "Now I know that I am dying," and he never spoke again.

*The Irish Catholics*, in the late excitement about Portugal, seemed to hope for war, as giving them some prospect of relief from their sufferings. A celebrated Catholic barrister and orator in Ireland, in a speech on this subject, says, "It is from calamity alone, we can hope for a melioration of our condition. We are like the wretches confined in the hold of a ship, or the negroes in a slave-vessel, who carry their bark upon the storm, because the wave that carries their bark upon the storm, tears their prison asunder, with nothing to lose by destruction, but something to hope for in the chance of preservation."

Paris papers to the 2d January have been received in New York. Charles 10th had sent a new decree to his Chambers against Slave Trading, with additional penalties. A bill had also been laid before the

Chambers to restrict what is called the "licentiousness of the Press." The policy of the French ministers was pacific, and they had decided majorities in both Chambers. There were no additional advices from Spain, on which reliance could be placed. The former accounts of the discomfiture of the Portuguese insurgents, and their mad leader, on the frontiers, appeared to be confirmed. According to some accounts, Spain was actually backing out from her controversy with Portugal; and had given strict orders to prevent aid being given to Portuguese deserters. Her ministers, it was said, had asserted their ability to justify the conduct of Ferdinand; and that it was expected they would satisfy England as to the past. What security the latter would require for the future remained to be developed. Other accounts however, say, that Spain was forming an army of observation, of 10,000, on the Portuguese frontier.

*DECLINE OF SPAIN.* The decline of Spain discovers the baleful effects of national avarice and perfidy.

The student of history must have been struck with that portion of Mr. Caning's late speech in which he inquires "where can we now find that Spain in the map of the world which was to have swallowed up the powers of maritime England?" Spain was at one time mistress of the Netherlands in the North, and Naples in the South of Europe: of the heart of Italy; of certain islands in the Mediterranean and Atlantic, and strong holds in Africa; of considerable possessions in the East and nearly all of the West Indies: of three fourths of South, and the richest portion of North America: her flag floated on every sea; she possessed most of the precious metals than all the world besides; and her sovereign, in addition to the sway of his own hereditary dominions, wore the imperial crown of Germany. Most truly did she boast that within the limits of her empire the sun never set. But that stupendous power was not obtained by virtue, nor possessed with moderation. Avarice, and perfidy stained its rise; unexampled cruelty signified its meridian; the most sanguinary tyranny, and degrading meanness have brought unbounded execration and contempt on its decline.—*Lebanon Republican.*

*Cascades of Tivoli.* The admirers of beautiful scenery, no less than those who are versed in classic lore, will learn with regret, that the wonderful cascades at, and in the neighborhood of Tivoli, no longer charm the eye or influence the imagination. The usual winter rains at Rome have been unprecedentedly severe, both as to continuance and volume; but in the country, their ravages have been most awful. The mountain torrents had raised the Arno to an elevation and impetuosity, which the banks or additional barriers of that river could not oppose adequate resistance. The result is, that all the dams, and proud artificial works by which the cascades were formed, have been swept away by the impetuous torrent.

## DOMESTIC.

*Information wanted, respecting George Denman*, native of England. It is supposed he died in or near Boston, about 30 or 50 years since. Any person that can give any information respecting his death, or that knew him when alive, will greatly oblige the surviving relatives. Information will be thankfully received by George Jones, 613, Washington street, Boston. A liberal compensation will be given to any person who will furnish the information desired. A gratuitous insertion of the above by other printers in the City, will confer a great favor.

*Seat of Government in Maine.*—There has been much discussion in the Legislature of Maine during the present session on various propositions for establishing the place of the future meetings of the Legislature. On Tuesday last a resolve which had previously passed the Senate, by a vote of 10 to 9, was concurred in by the House, by a vote of 67 to 59, by which it is provided that the next Legislature shall meet at Hallowell. A motion to reconsider this vote was negatived, 59 to 65.

*Singular circumstance.*—One or two days previous to the great fall of snow, which commenced on the 1st of January, Mr. W. Seymour, of New Haven, turned five hogs into the woods to feed on nuts &c. But after the storm abated, and finding the snow to be so deep as to render it difficult for them to procure their subsistence, he went in search of them, and after spending several days without discovering any traces of them, he concluded that they were buried in the snow and had frozen to death. On the 11th of February they were accidentally discovered by one of his neighbors, in a snow bank about forty rods from his house, after having lain in snow forty-one days without moving six feet, and having no subsistence during the time except what they derived from the ground, which they had dug but a few inches deep, when a rock opposed their progress, and from one of their number, which they had partly devoured. They were in good order for store hogs when turned out; but when found they were very much emaciated. The four surviving hogs were driven home and are now in a thriving condition.—*Nat. Stand.*

*Another shocking occurrence.*—On the evening of the 20th ult. the dwelling house of Curtis Thompson, of Ticonderoga, N. Y. was consumed by fire, and three children perished in the flames. Mrs. Thompson passed the day abroad. At night Mr. Thompson returned home from the labors of the day, and after giving his four children their supper put them to bed in the chamber, built a large fire, the night being severely cold, and then went about a half a mile to a neighbor's in order to attend his wife home. Between nine and ten o'clock his attention was arrested by the cry of fire, when he looked and saw his own habitation in flames. The oldest boy, about ten years of age, had just time after he awoke to make his escape by a chamber window; his sister, aged seven, was following him, when the chamber floor gave away, and she with two younger brothers, sunk into the flames. It was a log house with a thatch chimney, and whether it took fire by a spark from the hearth, or from a large kettle of coals that had been put down cellar that evening, is uncertain.—*Id.*

*Aid to the Greeks.*—The subjoined is a communication was addressed to me by "The Committee for the relief of the Greeks," soliciting co-operation in the dignified charity which is now eliciting the combined efforts of the excellent of the earth—Deeply sympathizing with an oppressed people, the offering of a noble race, the request of the Committee was promptly attended to, and on Lord's day evening last, a collection, amounting to \$110.50, which I have the pleasure to enclose, was taken up by the church under my pastoral care.

"With this pecuniary mite, we also present our ardent and united supplications to the Father of Lights, that the civil and religious immunities which Americans enjoy, may be speedily vouchsafed to the ancient home of the brave, the land of Republicanism, of science, and of pristine Gospel purity."

The small taverns near the ferries, in the neighborhood of New York, are commencing the sale of hot coffee and cakes, as a morning substitute for breakfast of spirituous liquors. So healthy an example is spoken of, as being every where worthy of imitation and encouragement.

It was stated a few days since that the police of New York were engaged in investigating a charge against the master of a vessel for having thrown one of his crew overboard—the captain and mate have been fully committed.

*Stage Accident.* On the 15th ult. the mail stage between Newtown and Philadelphia, with 14 passengers, was thrown down a precipice.—The driver neglected to call to some wagoners who were before, and

did not hear the stage from the noise made by their wagons. When the leading horse touched one of the men, he threw round his arm to keep him off his back, which threw the horse down the precipice, and the stage followed. Among the passengers were five ladies and a child; one lady had two teeth knocked out, another received a severe blow upon her side, and the remainder were more or less injured.

*Liberia.*—Letters from Liberia to the 6th of December, have been received at the Office of the American Colonization Society, affording authentic intelligence of the prosperous state of the Colony, its increasing extension and usefulness, and of the pacific disposition of the natives.

The friends of this establishment are finding their anticipations more than realized in the continued success of their plans.—*Col. Star.*

## MARRIED.

In this city, Nathaniel T. Otis, Esq. to Miss Mary Robbins; Mr. Samuel Abbot, to Mrs. Harriet Farrington; Mr. William Varrel, to Miss Elizabeth Hall, both formerly of Portsmouth; Mr. John Tighe, to Miss Deborah McFarlan; Mr. Zephon Thayer, of New York, to Miss Mary Davis; Mr. Curtis Sears, to Miss Abigail M. Thompson.

In Canton, Mr. Sargent M. Pierce, of Boston, to Miss Eliza W. Crane.

In Hingham, Mr. Benjamin Wilder, to Mrs. Silence Gardner.

In Meadon, Mr. Ebenezer W. Hayward, to Miss Susan Burbeck.

In Stoughton, Mass. by Jesse Pearce, Esq. Rev. Hiram Walcott, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to Miss Rebecca Bird.

In Walpole, Mr. Heman Newton, of Boston, to Miss Abigail I. Stratton.

In Middlebury, Vt. Mr. L. B. Cole, M. D. of Rockingham, to Miss Sarah Marshall Davis, of Boston.

## DIED.

In this city, widow Sarah Appleton, aged 87 years; Mr. John Cheever, 29; Mr. Edmund Keating, 40; Mr. Robert Patterson, 41; Charlotte M. Gorer, 30; Mary Ann Conner, 35; Rebecca E. Williams, 24; John Lewis, 40; Mrs. Bridget Daily, 56; Mrs. Sally Gowen, 74; Gen. Arnold Welles, aged 65 years.

In Waltham, Hon. Christopher Gore, aged 69.

In Plymouth, in consequence of a fall on the ice, Mr. Timothy Allen, aged 62, a soldier of the Revolution.

In Roxbury, Col. Joseph Dudley.

In Dorchester, Mr. James Pierce, aged 40.

In Boston, suddenly of the croup, Thomas, son of James G. and Nancy Peckham, aged nine months.

In Lunenburg, Mass. on the 15th ult. widow Harlow, aged 84 years.

In Petersham, Elizabeth Flag, in the 95th year of her age.

In Waldoborough, Mr. Barnard Engley, aged 92.

In Westfield, Mr. Rufus Russell Dewey, aged 72 years. He was a soldier of the Revolution, and was in the battle of Bunker Hill.

In New Hampton, N. H. Noah Robinson, Esq. aged 70—a revolutionary patriot.

In Trenton, N. J. Rev. Burgess Allison, D. D. aged 58.

In Philadelphia, Mr. Charles W. Peale, Esq. aged 86, founder of the Philadelphia Museum.

In Marion, Ohio, Elisha H. Crosby, Esq. post master of that place, and Sheriff of Marion county, aged 24. He was a native of Vermont.

In Scituate, Mass. Feb. 11th, Mrs. Nancy James, aged 55 years. Suffering was the messenger of death commissioned to call her from the bosom of her friends into a boundless eternity. She was enjoying her usual health—performed the necessary labors of the day, and cheerfully retired early to rest; but soon after lying down she began to cough. After coughing a few moments, she requested her husband to call the friends in to her house, but before they were all collected, she expired in the arms of her mother. Thus bath the Providence of Jehovah called her to herself, leaving a large circle of friends to mourn their loss and her sudden exit. O, may it prove a timely warning to us all.—*Con.*

## SHIP NEWS.

## PORT OF BOSTON.

## ARRIVALS AND CLEARANCES.

MONDAY, Feb. 26.—*Arrived*, brig James, Perry, Halifax; George Henry, Fletton, do; Hope, Lunenburg; Alexandria, ship Polly, Foster, Beverly;—*Cleared*, brigs Wolcott, Sargent, Copenhagen and St. Petersburg; Maine, Tilsen, Charleston; schs. Reporter, Walden, Portland; Sally and Betsey, Kent, Wilmington, N. C.; Favorite, Hackett, Castine.

TUESDAY, Feb. 27.—*Arrived*, bark Frederick, Fletton; Matanzas; schs. Splendid, Norwood, N. York; boundary, Sackett, Portland; Eastport;—*Cleared*, brig Veteran, Bunker, Lubec; schs. Washington, Harding, Savannah.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 28.—*Arrived*, schs. Willow, Barker, Halifax; George Henry, Fletton, do; Hope, Lunenburg; Alexandria, ship Polly, Foster, Beverly;—*Cleared*, ship Harriet, Boston; schs. William, Fearing, Portsmouth; Monmouth, Curtis, Scituate;—*Cleared*, ship Harriet, Boston; Havana and Europe; brigs Byron, Moore, Trinidad, Cuba; Beaver, Grover, Surinam; Cambridge, Davis, St. Petersburg; H. pe, Coty, Guttenberg, Nancy, Fletton, Fredericksburg; ship Hero, Sherwood, New York.

THURSDAY, March 1.—*Arrived*, schs. Sultan, Bradford, from Smyrna and Tunis; Crested, Nason, Mohler, William, Woodbury, Charleston; Aurora, Moore, Forto Rico; Harriet, Howes, Halifax; Mayflower, Marshall, Orleans;—*Cleared*, brigs George Henry, Castine, Halifax; Philadelphia and Rose, Cape May, N. York; Sea Island, Portland, Savannah.

FRIDAY, March 2.—*Arrived*, schs. Mainle, Pierce, Bucksport; Mary and Margaret, Harriman, Frankfort; Fairplay, Colcord, Prospect; Columbus, from Gibraltar via Portland.—*Cleared*, ship Coral, Dickinson, New Orleans; brigs Factor, Corry, Baltimore; Rio, Gerry, Savannah; schs. Franklin, Devon, Penancia, Exeter, Knight, Portland; Lafayette, Hall, Richmond; sloops Polly, Trasher, Marblehead; Mechanic, Nickerson, New York.

SATURDAY, March 3.—*Arrived*, schs. Jack, Atwater, Newburyport;—*Cleared*, brigs Jew, Lovell, St. Croix; Calo, Jewell, Baltimore; Palm, Lehigh, New York; schs. John, Grant, Keenebunk; John Gilman, Melcher, Portsmouth; boundary, Pierce, Eastport; Harriet, Howes, Yarmouth; Abigail, Elwell, Baltimore; Mark, Eldridge, Philadelphia; Chesapeake, Bradley, Richmond; Alexandria, Howes, Alexandria; ship Lyon, Cambridge, Portland.

SUNDAY, March 4.—*Arrived*, schs. Minerva, Cobb, Portland; Commodore Ferry, Atkins, do; sloops Packet, Standwood, do; Packet, Pulsifer, Salem.

## NOTICE TO AGENTS.

The Publisher would tender his grateful acknowledgments to the agents of Zion's Herald for their active and prompt attention to the interest of the establishment the past year. As the first payment of the present year became due in January, the Publisher would suggest to agents the necessity of early attention to the collection of the same. It will not be forgotten by our patrons that Zion's Herald has been the pioneer of all the other religious papers in the Methodist Connexion; and while encountering the difficulties attending new publications of this kind, the Publisher was under the necessity of contracting a large debt in establishing the Herald on a firm basis; which, however, he is gradually liquidating from the avails of the paper. But in printing between 5000 and 6000 copies weekly, the expenses are considerable, and most of the bills must be met weekly, and the whole quarterly.

The Publisher earnestly requests of agents seasonable remittances, to enable him to meet his contracts and bank payments at the end of the present quarter. On the reception of any remittance a receipt will be attached to the agent's paper and returned the following week. Should this fail let no time be lost in writing a second time.

The patrons of Zion's Herald are informed that Mr. J. P. BELLAMY, of Palmyra, N. Y. is appointed Agent for that place and vicinity, who will receive subscriptions and payment for the Herald, and forward the same to the Publisher.

We would hereby give notice to the inhabitants of Cincinnati, Ohio, and its vicinity, that Mr. J. J. Brown, Editor of *Zion's Herald*, who will take subscriptions for the same, and receive and remit their payments to the Publisher.

Those subscribers for Clarke's Commentary who have received their Nos. of Rev. Phineas Peck, or through his agency, are informed that they may obtain the Title page of the Fourth Vol. by applying to John P. Peck, at the office of Zion's Herald, where they have just been received from New York.



## POETS' DEPARTMENT.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

## LINES

To the memory of the Rev. ZENAS CALDWELL, late  
Principal of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary.

Awake, my untim'd lyre, and from each string  
Shake off the gnat's dust, and kindly lend  
Thy aid, while my full heart attempts to sing  
A funeral dirge, a requiem to my friend.

Farewell, my lov'd! thy head lies low in death;  
Cold is the night that crowds thy eyelids down;  
No more shall prayer be whisper'd in thy breath;  
Nor faith direct thee to a heavenly crown.

What though thy body shall be food for worms,  
And silence brood upon thy house of clay?  
Thou art protected from the ruthless storm  
Of this rude world, that waste our lives away.

No more shall anguish cross thy peaceful breast,  
Nor tears bedew thine eye for others' wo;  
For here thou art, in thy long, dreamless rest,  
Where none shall wake thee, neither friend nor foe.

And now, should pestilence traverse our land,—  
Should famine wanton o'er thy native soil,—  
Should war spread ruin with his wasting hand,  
And clothe the crimson plains with human spoil;

Nay, worse,—should piety on earth decline,  
And superstition's thorn anew be hurl'd,  
Should folly sit enthron'd in wisdom's shrine,  
And vice gigantic shake the moral world,—

These shall not grieve thee for thy griefs are o'er:  
These shall not break the peace of thy repose;  
For death on these has shut his iron door,  
And strong withstands the rush of human woes.

But is he slumbering in that house of clay?  
What! sleeps the fire of his immortal mind?  
No, no: triumphantly he burst away,  
And left its shattered tenement behind.

As gliding meteors in a starless night,  
With dazzling splendor burst upon the eyes;  
So his exulting spirit took its flight,  
And mark'd its shining pathway through the skies.

And now the wonders of that world unfold;  
He sees heaven's millions and her happy plains;  
He treads the pavements of transparent gold,  
And hails that land where joy for ever reigns.

Now what is earth, and what are earthly toys,  
To those to whom the rich bequest is given,  
To range those fields, to taste those endless joys,  
And breathe the vital atmosphere of heaven?

Say, did he love to swell the vocal choir,  
And did harmonic sounds his mind refine?  
Till shall he sing, and sweep an angel's lyre,  
Till his rapt soul dissolves with love divine.

Did friendship yield him here a bosom joy,  
And was he form'd for her most sacred ties?  
There shall she yield him bliss without alloy,  
Where love and pure affection never dies.

Did knowledge spread before him all his lore,  
And was he joyous at her gushing spring?  
There shall he ever towards Omniscience soar,  
Borne upward ceaseless on a seraph's wing.

'Tis not mere fancy sends the saint to heaven,  
As poets send their heroes up the skies;  
No; 'tis the gospel, by Jehovah given,  
That pours eternal light on closing eyes.

O blessed gospel! how it glides the tomb,  
And plants a glory in that dark abode;  
It dissipates the dreary, frightful gloom,  
And shows an outlet from the vault to God.

Time was when darkness, brooding o'er the dead,  
Was moulded into shapes of frightful men;  
When fear, when doubt, despair, with frenzied head,  
And dread annihilation's form were seen.

But these have fled, the tyrant lost his sting,  
And dying mortals hail eternal day;  
Henceforth from dust ecstatic visions spring,  
And death's pale monarch has pass'd away.

No more to find a rest beyond the grave,  
Shall science strain her doubtful, erring eye;  
No more shall Tully ride conjunctive waves,  
Or godlike Cato in despondence die.

The veil is rent, the waves are hush'd in peace,  
And silent is the wail of woe and despair;  
Let tears be dried, let every sorrow cease,  
There is a heaven,—and thou, my friend, art there!

S. M.

Wilbraham, Feb. 12, 1827.

## MINISTERS' DEPARTMENT.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

AN EXTRACT FROM A MINISTER'S PRIVATE JOURNAL.

"Sunday 17th. In the morning I had very little liberty in speaking; all the springs of celestial life seem'd to be dried up: indeed I felt very much dissatisfied with myself. Ah! so much concern and care of family, with so much serving of tables! will never do for a minister of the gospel. It takes up his time, draws away his attention, and distracts his mind; and who can be prepared for preaching? Surely not I. Give the ministers of the gospel a decent support, and free them from these cares, and then if they will not work for God, expel them from the vineyard."

"At 2 P. M. the scene was reversed, for the Lord was powerfully present. Indeed the very windows of heaven seem'd to be opened, and salvation flowed in abundance. It was a time of shaking among the wicked, and the people of God were constrained to cry aloud for joy. My subject was Matt. xi. 27."

## NOAH.

FROM DR. GRIFFIN'S PASTORAL SERMON.

"Dear Brethren, our office is no ordinary one. We are ambassadors from the King of kings, and Lord of lords, to a revolted world. Never had men committed to them an embassy of such deep and everlasting moment. No work ever undertaken by mortals was so important, so solemn, or connected with such amazing consequences. Among all the thousands to whom we preach, not one but will take an impression from us that will never wear out. The fate of millions through succeeding generations depends on our faithfulness. Heaven and hell will for ever ring with recited memorials of our ministry. And O, our own responsibility. There is for us no middle destiny.—Our stake is for a higher throne of glory or for a deeper hell. For to say nothing of the souls committed to our care, our work leads to the altar. Our home is by the side of the Stakeholder. We have daily to go where Nabab and Abihu went, and to transact with him who darts his lightning upon them. It is a solemn thing to stand so near that holy Lord God. Let us beware how by unallow'd fervors we bring false fire before the Lord. Let us not fail to devote to our work our best powers, our unceasing application, consecrated by unremitting prayer. Any thing rather than careless preparation for the pulpit, and a sleepy performance in it. Forget your father, forget your mother, but forget not this infinite work of God. Soon we shall appear with our respective charges before the judgment seat of Christ. What a scene will then open between a pastor and his flock; when all his official

conduct towards them shall be scrutinized, and all their treatment of him and his gospel shall be laid open; when it shall appear that an omniscient eye followed him into his study every time he sat down to write a sermon, and traced every line upon his paper and every motion of his heart; and followed him into the pulpit, and watched every kindling desire, every drowsy feeling, every wandering thought, every reach after fame. Ah, my dear brethren, when you hear on the right hand the songs of bursting praise that you ever had existence, and on the left behold a company of wretched spirits sending forth their loud lament that you had not warned them with a stronger voice, will you not regret that all your sermons were not more impassioned, and all your prayers more agonizing? But what is that I see? A horrid shape more deeply scarred with thunder than the rest, around which a thousand dreadful beings, with furious eyes and threatening gestures, are venting their raging curses? It is an unfaithful pastor, who went down to hell with most of his congregation; and those around him are the wretched beings whom he decoyed to death. My soul turns away and cries, Give me poverty, give me the curses of a wicked world, give me the martyr's stake; but, O my God, save me from unfaithfulness to thee and the souls of men."

JEREMY TAYLOR. Bishop Jeremy Taylor was one of the most eloquent pulpit orators that his country can boast. There was such a loftiness in his style, and such touching and heartfelt appeals to familiar life, that it has been well said of him, "the dancing light he throws upon objects, is like an aurora borealis playing betwixt heaven and earth." Dr. Rust, who preached the bishop's funeral sermon, passed the following splendid panegyric upon him: "He had the good humor of a gentleman, the eloquence of an orator, the fancy of a poet, the acuteness of a schoolman, the profundity of a philosopher, the wisdom of a chancellor, the sagacity of a prophet, the reason of an angel, and the piety of a saint. He had devotion enough for a cloister, learning enough for a university, and wit enough for a college of virtuosi; and had his parts and endowments been parcelled out among his clergy, that he left behind him, it would, perhaps, have made one of the best dioceses in the world."

DR. HOADLEY. Dr. Hoadley, who had the fortune to produce more controversies by his sermons from the pulpit, than almost any divine that ever lived, was at the same time far from being a popular preacher. His first preference was to the lectureship of St. Mildred in the Poultry, London, which he held for ten years; and as he informs us himself, preached down to 300, a year, when he thought it high time to resign it. When made bishop of Bangor, in 1713, he still remained in the metropolis, preaching again as an orator, the profundity of a philosopher, the wisdom of a chancellor, the sagacity of a prophet, the reason of an angel, and the piety of a saint. "My kingdom is not of this world," which, producing the famous Bangorian controversy, as it was called, employed the press for many years. The manner in which Hoadley explained the text was, that the clergy had no pretensions to any temporal jurisdictions; but in the course of the debate, the argument insensibly changed from the rights of the clergy, to that of princes in the government of the church.

## LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

## ELLA'S CONVERSION.

Extract from the Journal of a Tour to the Falls of Niagara.

"That's the gentleman who met me this morning, and talked so seriously, and gave me that book I showed you," whispered a young girl, of about 15 years, blooming with all the vigor of health, as, some weeks since, I sauntered on the borders of the Seneca lake. I turned my head as she spoke, and Ella (for that I afterwards discovered was her name), ran with her companion, abashed that she had been overheard, into the door of the cottage before which she had been standing. It was beautifully situated, somewhat retired from the neighboring village; yet within view of the house of God, whose elevated steeple stood like a warning beacon to each violator of the Sabbath. The broad sheet of the Seneca lake flowed at the foot of the hill descending from their door, the declivity was clothed with the grassy verdure of summer, and its edge, overhung by the lofty maple tree, honey-suckles, and sweet-briar, intermingled with ivy, formed a grateful shade for their dwelling; while the neighboring woodland offered a pleasant retreat from the rays of the mid-day sun. Such was the situation of Ella's dwelling; indeed, seldom have I seen it surpassed—it was the fair face of nature, which no art can vie with—no skill (more than remotely,) imitate. But to return to my story: hoping to be useful, I followed Ella's footsteps to the threshold of her dwelling, where I beheld, gathered in the hall around the door, a woman of perhaps five and thirty years of age, her husband, and several children. The mother was sitting before a stand, on which was placed a large family Bible, apparently the relic of many days, handed down from father to son, for many generations, and perhaps more valued by some for its antiquity than the importance of its contents. Her voice ceased as I entered the door, and apologized for my apparent intrusion. She told her as a stranger she must excuse my making use of the pretext offered me, by her daughter's request, to introduce myself to her family. She accepted the excuse, and we all were speedily and earnestly engaged in a conversation on a subject peculiarly interesting to me, to wit: the great difference of character exhibited by children, educated by the same instructors, and under the same discipline. "As respects," remarked the mother, "my oldest, the one who led you to our dwelling this evening, she appears to possess a natural tenderness of conscience, and I believe is sincerely desirous to walk in the path of duty; she has of late evinced a remarkable degree of seriousness, the apparent effect of the instruction she received at a Bible Class, our minister has opened on Wednesday evenings, but she appears unhappy, shuns all society, except a few serious friends; constantly complains of uneasiness of mind, and disquietude; indeed at times, (she repeated, laying her hand on Ella's head,) I fear she may sink in despair." During this conversation, I watched Ella's countenance, and could readily perceive the alternate glow, succeeded by paleness and trembling. At the last remark of her mother she could no longer restrain her emotions, but, hiding her face on her mother's lap, uttered half-suppressed sobs. I became increasingly interested as her mother continued, but as the village clock struck the hour of 9, she said, "Sir, pardon the interruption and my apparent rudeness, but the last hour previous to retirement, we are accustomed to devote to serious reflection and prayer." I felt this as a strong admonition to retire, yet could not avoid pleading, as a stranger, for such such privileges, to be permitted to mingle my devotions with theirs. After some little hesitation, she drew a chair before the open volume of God, and requested me to read. It was the eleventh chapter of St. John's gospel. The attention was unbroken. Ella pensively reclined on her mother's arm, shading her eyes with her hand; her mother bent with interesting affection over the darling, but, I trust, not idol of her heart. The father's eye rested on me with a scrutiny which appeared to say, "Who can this be?" A strictness of scrutiny indeed unpleasant, while the children with their happy faces, subdued by this godly custom, kept their eyes steadily fixed on the stranger. \*\*\*\*\* At the close of the chapter, a solemn pause of fifteen minutes ensued; when Ella's mother, taking up a hymn-book, read this hymn:—

Indulgent Father, by whose care,  
We've passed another day;  
Let us this night thy mercy share,  
And teach us how to pray.

Show us our sins and how to mourn,  
Our guilt before thy face;

Direct us, Lord, to Christ alone,  
And save us by thy grace.

After reading, she raised the notes of praise, joined by every voice: save Ella's. I watched her countenance, a tear fell on her hand; her heart appeared but ill at ease. At the close of the hymn, the mother repeated, in rather a reproachful tone, "Ella." Oh, mamma! she exclaimed, I cannot sing, I feel too wretched. I could not restrain my own feelings, but approaching her, asked, Ella, will you suffer me to pray with you? I cannot pray, she replied, bursting into tears. Merciful God, I exclaimed aloud, while I held my clasped hands over her head, break, Oh! break this obdurate heart, that she may present to thee, herself as an undone, helpless creature; leave her without a resting-place, until she find it in thy love. Her mother shuddered, as if I had called down a curse rather than a blessing on her child. Ella shrieked aloud, and appeared almost wild with agitation; her face arose, and laid his hand upon my shoulder, saying, "Young man, do not let your zeal exceed your prudence. Religion I respect, fanatical enthusiasm, I hate. Yes, I hate," he repeated, fixing on me a severe look of reproach. "Parent of this child," I replied, "this dear youth is a candidate for heaven or hell, her soul appears now struggling for freedom from Satan's bondage; the spirit of God strives to leave her to perish. If I leave her now, it may leave her to perish. If I must perish, let me perish now; hell, hell," she exclaimed, "cannot make me more wretched! I am lost! undone!" She was exhausted by her emotions, but still continued on her knees. I knelt by her side, I besought the mercy of the sinner's Friend, for her soul. The mother, and children, kneeling around, wept also; the father stood near me, but not unmoved; he had the parent's heart, and although he never felt the power of Jesus' renewing grace, he felt awe at the solemn scene, he was then witnessing. All were silent. We continued on our knees, but though no lip uttered a sound, our hearts were pleading, still pleading for mercy, upon the prostrate sinner at our side. At length, Ella exclaimed, "Oh! God! canst thou indeed forgive, forgive even me?" I saw her heart was relenting; the massy walls of impenitence were falling before the voice of God's Spirit. Indeed this was soon evidenced, for, rising from her knees, and clasping her hands, she burst forth into such a strain of thanksgiving, as my tongue must fail to tell, or imitate, and my heart can only wish ever to feel. Wonder not, ye who have never felt the love of Jesus shed abroad in your hearts, at the mighty change so wonderfully wrought; rather wonder and adore that matchless mercy, which, passing by the fallen angels from heaven, brings tidings of peace and forgiveness to every penitent soul among the sons and daughters of Adam.

After this scene of joy, I retired to my chamber, but sleep was driven from my eyelids; yet the joy I felt, amply compensated for loss of rest; but it is enough. Reader, hast thou made thy peace with God? If so, rejoice! rejoice! If not, reflect; if not, repent and pray—peradventure thou also may be delivered from the bitter pains of eternal death.—Philadelphia Recorder.

## YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

## POWER OF FAITH IN A CHILD.

A girl of thirteen years old died a few weeks since in our neighborhood, experiencing the most happy temper of mind—beautifully illustrating these words of the psalmist: "out of the mouth of babes thou hast ordained strength;" and to the many who are disposed to gainsay such excellent displays of divine grace we would answer in the same words of the Redeemer himself: "yea, have ye never read, 'out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise.'"

A few weeks before her sickness, of her own accord she called on a pious young woman, asked her to teach her more about the Bible, "for I am much troubled," said the child, "about my soul." This pious friend explained with simplicity the way of salvation, and directed her to the Saviour of sinners, telling her to go home and read the Bible. This she diligently did, and was shortly so ill, as to have no hope of her recovery. But she grew in grace and in knowledge daily, and died with the most joyful hopes, and an admirable strength of faith, saying, "she wanted to go, that she might be with her Saviour." Her loved seemed boundless; and it was usual with her to say, "I love every body that loves my Saviour; I love them so much, I want to put my arms round their neck; and I want every body to love my Saviour, that they may be glad as I am." She sent for two aged persons, who had lived pious lives, and exhorted them with great firmness and tenderness, as also several of her little companions. Shortly before her departure, she said to a pious friend, who often visited her, "When I am dead, tell the children to think about religion; speak to them from these words: 'Those that seek me early shall find me.' A few hours before her death, she joined, as she had often before, in singing the following favorite verse in the 17th psalm:

"This world's a dream—an empty show;  
But the bright world to which I go  
Has joys substantial and sincere;  
When shall I wake and find me there?"

Such was the pious love, the heavenly desires of a child, young in years, but not in wisdom, verifying the prophetic truth of Isaiah—"the child shall die a hundred years old, but the sinner a hundred years old shall be accursed." At beholding so bright an example of the power of faith, what heart can fail to say, "Let me die the death of the righteous."—Christian Advocate.

## OBITUARY.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

## MR. JONATHAN TOBEY.

MR. EDITOR,  
It is readily granted, that indiscriminate eulogium is too often bestowed on the character of the departed. But this affords no good reason why suitable notice should not be taken of the departure of those whose lives were pious and whose deaths were peaceful.—By inserting the following in the Herald, you will gratify many of its constant readers in this section of the country.

## EZEKIEL ROBINSON.

JONATHAN TOBEY, who was born in Sandwich, Ms. and moved to Fairfield, Me. about thirty years ago, departed this life July 8th, 1826, in the fifty-third year of his age.

Brother Tobey had been a member of the Methodist E. Church about seventeen years, being among the first fruits of the labors of the Methodist preachers in this town. Until about six years ago nothing extraordinary was seen in him; like too many who profess religion, he lived beneath his privileges, too content with the first principles of the doctrines of Christ, without going on to perfection. He, however, was considered a pious, good man, and a worthy member of society. About six years ago, he felt it his privilege to enjoy more religion, and embraced in theory, more fully than formerly, the doctrine of sanctification.—Conviction for sanctification fastened upon his mind, and continued to increase, until, after having groined, struggled, wrestled, and agonized with God in prayer for several weeks, he experienced the divine pleasure of loving God with all the heart. Sin was no longer suffered to reign in his mortal body, but, being emptied of sin, he was filled with all the fulness of God.—The change in brother T.—, at this time, appeared greater than at his conversion. He embraced the first

and every opportunity of declaring, both in public and to all with whom he had intercourse, that God had sanctified his soul. More fully, however, was this manifested by his life; for, say his neighbors, "it was as an even-spun thread." From this to the latest moment of his life, "holiness" was his theme; and he neglected no opportunity that presented itself, of enforcing the same upon the minds of his brethren. His soul appeared to be absorbed in love, and his will lost in the will of God.

As he was at meeting, so was he at home, in his family, in his field, among his neighbors, and in every department of life. His was, in fact, an every day heaven in the soul.

The last day of June brother T.— was taken ill of a bilious complaint, that, in about one week, terminated his earthly career. He, however, kept about for three or four days, in the course of which time, he attended a prayer-meeting, when he appeared filled with the love of God, and gave intimations that he thought it probable he should meet in prayer-meetings no more. Tuesday his symptoms became more alarming, and the physician was immediately called in. He was exercised with continual pain and distress of body, but his mind was composed and happy. Thursday it appeared that the power of medicine, the skill of physicians, and most anxious efforts of friends to preserve life, were baffled and defeated. His physicians informed him that they could do nothing more with any prospect of saving his life, and that they considered him very near his end, which he heard apparently unmoved. Being examined by one of his physicians, (who was pious,) with regard to the state of his soul, he said he had not a remaining doubt but he had experienced the great blessing of sanctification, as maintained by the Methodists, that he was happy all the time, willing to live or die, to suffer or rejoice. He gave to each member of the family his dying charge as deliberately as if he was going to leave them but for a few days.—He retained his senses perfectly to the last, speaking, in the most encouraging and animating manner, of his prospects beyond the grave. About an hour before he died, he wished to be raised on the bed, when he appeared to be distressed for breath, and observed,—

"about one hour will carry me through;" after which he lay with his eyes fixed upwards, entirely speechless and motionless, continuing to breathe shorter and shorter for about an hour, when he breathed his last, without a struggle or groan; leaving a wife and nine children to mourn the loss of one of the most loving companions and affectionate fathers.

The next morning, after brother Tobey was buried, C.—, the eldest son, who, until then, had taken no particular interest in family worship, called the family together, and, according to the uniform practice of his father while living, read a portion of God's holy word; but, not professing religion himself, he called on his sister to pray, since which he, and another sister have experienced that religion their departed father was so long and so bright an ornament of; and, to the consolation and happiness of the only surviving (pious) parent, the morning and evening sacrifice, as formerly, is uniformly offered up to God. May that God, who has promised to be the widow's husband, and a father to the fatherless, be the support and comfort of this afflicted family; and, in answer to the many fervent prayers of their departed head, prepare, and bring them all up to his kingdom.

Fairfield, Me. Feb. 15, 1827.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

## MRS. CYNTHIA HOLWAY.

CYNTHIA, wife of Rev. Abraham Holway, and daughter of Eliakim and Exey Tobey, died in Fairfield, Me. November 24th, 1826, in the twenty-fifth year of her age.

At the early age of fifteen, Mrs. H. became a subject of the converting grace of God, and a member of the Methodist church. About four years ago, she was married to brother Holway, since which she accompanied him in his travels, labors, and sufferings while engaged in the itinerant ministry, one year in Vermont, and nearly three in Maine. She was the constant and faithful partner of his joys and sorrows, and sharer of the toils and labors of her husband; willing to suffer any privations, and endure any hardships, if immortal souls might be saved. Her itinerant career and earthly sufferings, however, were short; her Heavenly Father seeing it best to call her from labor to rest.

Her last illness was short but severe. Being violently seized with a fever, she soon became delirious, and continued so much of the time till she died. On the first Sabbath of her sickness, her husband spent most of the day with her in prayer and religious conversation,—which was peculiarly animating and refreshing to her soul. She was happy and did rejoice in God her Saviour, saying, "He has come—He has come!" She appeared, when favored with her reason, deeply affected with a sense of the awful realities of eternity. While reflecting on the subject, she exclaimed, "Oh, Eternity! Oh, Eternity! Oh, Eternity! to which I am going."

The last sentence she was heard distinctly to utter was, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth." Here her voice faltered. She continued to breathe for several hours after this, and at length, fell asleep in Jesus, to wake no more until the last trumpet shall sound through heaven, earth, and down to hell, when the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we doubt not, our sister will shine as the sun in the kingdom of heaven.

In the death of sister Holway, her deeply afflicted husband sustains an irreparable loss,—two children not yet sufficiently old to know or mourn their loss, are bereft of a kind and tender mother; a large circle of relations and acquaintances have been deprived of a constant and amiable friend, and from the church militant, a bright ornament has been removed, to add grace and glory to the church triumphant in heaven.

Although sister Holway did not possess the most shining talents, and was not so famed for greatness as some are; yet, such was her meekness, modesty, and unaffected piety, that she will live long in the memory of those who had the pleasure of an acquaintance with her. Her funeral was attended by a large and deeply afflicted congregation, who listened with apparent interest to a solemn and appropriate discourse from her dying words. "And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, write. Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

"Hope looks beyond this vale of tears,  
When, what we now deplore,  
Shall rise in full immortal prime,  
And bloom to fade no more."

Feb. 15, 1827.

E. R.

## THE GATHERER.

## A TRUE STORY.

There lived some years ago, in the town of —, in Connecticut, a man who was much addicted to the practice of converting his neighbor's property to his own use and benefit without if or and.—The clergyman of the town suspecting him of making too free with his hay, had one night concealed himself in his barn with a large lantern. The thief soon appeared, and tying up a large bundle, had just left the premises, when the Rev. owner, instead of bawling out, "you scoundrel! what do you mean by stealing my hay?" disengaged the candle from the lantern and dexterously applied it to the combustible load. The bundle was soon in a bright blaze, and the unlucky fellow suspecting that he was pursued by some person with a light laid his feet to the ground with uncommon agility. But it was in vain to escape the pursuing fire. The blaze increasing in brightness as he ran, seemed to his terrified imagination to come nearer, till venturing to look round to discover the extent of his danger, he perceived to his astonishment that the stolen hay was on

fire. How it came so, puzzled him not a little. But, as conscious guilt assisted his natural credulity, he settled down upon the conclusion that the fire was sent from heaven to admonish him of his transgression. Full of this alarming notion he gave himself no rest until he had gone to the parson, and made confession of his crime; and related the supposed extraordinary and terrible warning from Heaven. The Rev. gentleman humored his credulity, under the idea that it might reform his life. He was not mistaken: for the blazing hay had made so deep an impression on the poor fellow's mind, that from thenceforth he forsake his evil courses, became a valuable member of society, and was united to the flock of the judicious clergyman, who had assisted so materially in his reformation. He finally died an honest man, in the firm belief of the interposition of Providence in setting fire to the stolen hay. The parson kept the secret till the poor man was laid in the dust, but then even the clerical tongue could no longer resist the desire of communicating so curious an incident.—Berkshire American.

As there are a number of the natives at the Tonawanda station, which are under the care of the New York Baptist Convention, who not long since, have professed Christ, we have thought the publication of the following characteristic, but truly experimental hymn would enliven the hearts of many whose eyes were directed towards those simple but abused children of the forest.—N. Y. Bap. Reg.

## INDIAN EXPERIENCE.

In the dark wood, no Indian night,  
Den me love Heaven and send up cry,  
Upon my knee so low,  
Den God on high, in shiny place,  
See me in night with tear face,  
De f'rest hee feel me so.

God send his angels take me care,  
Hee come hee hear my prayer,  
If Indian heart do pray,  
Hee see me now, hee now hear,  
See poor Indian nebbel fear,  
Be wid you night and day.

So me lub God wid inside heart,  
Hee fight for me, hee take up part,  
Hee save me life before,  
God lub poor Indian in de wood,  
So me lub God, and that be good,  
Me pray him two times more.

Few days, deu God will come to me,  
Hee knock off chain, hee set me free,  
Den take me up on his high,  
Den Indian sing his praises best,  
And lub and praise wid all de rest,  
And nebbel, nebbel cry.

When I see a man enter the temple of God with an air of lightness and vanity, and in the midst of devotion, stand gazing round upon the audience, to notice their features and their dress, if not to sneer at their devotion; the thought strikes me, that there is a temple, which he will never define—a worshiping assembly, which he never will disturb—a day coming, when God will not be mocked.

When I hear a man railing against revivals of religion, and grating his teeth for vengeance upon it, I say to him, don't trouble yourself, sir: let revivals on. You will soon go where they will not trouble you—where you may spend a whole eternity without seeing a single revival.

## COMMUNION WITH GOD.

There is no communion so sweet, so safe, so durable, so honorable or advantageous, as a communion with God. There is that in it which exactly suits, fully satisfies, infinitely delights the sublime and capacious powers of the immortal soul. Sensual delights are momentary, and rather smart than satisfy, often leaving a sting behind; but in communion with God, the soul finds its centre and rest—Here the river runs into the ocean. Here the spirit returns to God who gave it—Here all the scattered beauties in the whole creation are collected together. Not the most exquisite painting to the inner's eye, nor the softest fragrance to the musician's ear, nor yet the sweetest fragrance to the smell, or most delicious food to the epicurean's palate, are worthy to be compared with the blessedness of communion with God. What can be more honorable than to visit and be visited, to walk and talk, and have a joint interest with the King of kings? Herein we need fear no evil; neither loss nor degradation. We are safe in the wilderness, and shall not be less in the shadow of death. The beginning of this fellowship is the beginning of heaven below; and the perfection of it, will be the perfection of heaven. It is that communion, which no power, however great, which no place, however distant, can for a moment interrupt. Death itself, which breaks up so many carnal friendships and fellowships, does not destroy but enlarges this to perfection. How blessed is it to be walking with God? By so doing we shall become like him, and ere long be with him for ever and ever.

## OLD DRUNKEN TOOL.

The gentleman, whose name graces this column, a native of Natchez—who was never guilty of being sober but twice in his life, and then, it is said, that he deeply deplored the accident. His face resembled a piece of fat corned beef—and indeed it was generally pretty well corned—and his nose bore strong analogy to a red hot poker. To him a gallon of whiskey was but a flea bite, and a pint of St. Croix, tinkered with Dr. Stoughton's bitters, would scarcely moisten his lips. He was the greatest of all drunkards—the very prince of guzzlers. His bed was the common street, his canopy the Heavens, and his pillow was the pavement.

Some two months since, old Drunken Tool was missing; it was supposed that he had, in the midst of one of his midnight orgies, rolled off the heights, and tumbled into the Mississippi. Such was not, however, the fact.—Old Drunken Tool, had contrived ways and means to procure a passage to New Orleans, where he placed himself under the hands of Monsieur Losieu, the celebrated physician who cures "all kinds of drunkards," and in the course of two weeks was transformed into a man of sobriety. A paper published in Natchez, says:

"A few days since, a gentleman came passenger on one of the steam boats, named Tool; we have conversed with him, and he assures us he is the identical man, known by the appellation of Old Drunken Tool. Mr. T. is now as temperate as any citizen of Natchez."

When Mr. Tool returned—for he should no longer be designated by his former appellation—he was as sober a man as ever set Bacchus and his beverage at defiance, though the transformation left some traces of the wreck of constitution, his former inebriety, and the chalky horn of a cow that had lain for months in an ashes barrel, and his cheeks looked like the bark of a Surinam snapping turtle.

From this it will be seen that the medicine of Monsieur Losieu, has cured one of the greatest of terrors—Providence Cade.

A person once came to a minister, and told him that he was not quite satisfied as to the safety of his state, and therefore requested some spiritual instruction. The Divine asked him, whether God had ever given him to see the villainess of his own heart? To which the man replied, "Villeness! I thank God, I have got a good heart." Have you so? said the minister, then I do not see how you can be saved. For there is no other name given under heaven among men, whereby we must be saved, than that of Christ, and he came, not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance.

A curse is like a stone thrown up towards heaven, and most likely to return on the head of him that heaved it. Sir Walter Scott.



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